

THE CLEARFIELD PROGRESS

Volume VIII

CLEARFIELD, PENNSYLVANIA, TUESDAY EVENING, AUGUST 18, 1914

Number 206

BELGIANS WILL FIGHT TO THE DEATH

DESPERATE ATTACK ON BRUSSELS BY GERMANS HOURLY EXPECTED

HARRY THON, JR., IS OUT ON PAROLE

He Had Served Six Months of
Sentence Imposed by Court

PLEAD GUILTY OF MANSLAUGHTER

Thon Shot and Killed Dominic Remedie at Smithville After Remedie Had Stabbed Thon's Brother to Death in a Fight—James Merritt Released on His Own Recognizance.

Harry Thon, Jr., who at the February term of court, after witnesses had been heard in the case in which he was charged with the murder of Dominic Remedie, plead guilty of voluntary manslaughter and was sentenced to the county jail for a period of eleven months, was today released from prison on his parole.

Thon would have had a little over five months to serve, if he had been kept in jail the full term.

Thon was charged with shooting and killing Remedie after the latter had stabbed to death brother of Thon's at Smithville. It is believed that Thon was told that if he denied the crime he would escape a first degree murder verdict. Those conversant with the case aver that if Thon had told the court that he shot Remedie because the latter had killed his (Thon's) brother the jury would have acquitted him, as the law would not have punished a prisoner who had acted on the spur of the moment as the avenger of his brother.

Thon had been a model prisoner, and Judge Bell's action will be approved by the general public.

Merritt Asks Release on Bail

James Merritt, who is in jail charged with having set fire to his restaurant at Woodland on July 18, causing the destruction of nearly twenty buildings in that town, was before Judge Bell this morning on a writ of habeas corpus. Merritt's attorneys sought to have the defendant released on bail.

After hearing a number of witnesses from Woodland, Judge Bell placed Merritt under \$500 bail in his own recognizance for his appearance at court. It is probable that this case will be dismissed by the grand jury unless the prosecution produces more evidence of guilt than has thus far been brought forward.

FOURTH WARD FIREMEN RETURN THEIR THANKS

The members of the Fourth ward fire company wish to return thanks to the Fifth regiment band for furnishing music for their festival last week; to Shneider for the acetylene light provided; to the Frederick Piano company for the use of a Victrola, and to the public in general for the liberal patronage given the festival.

FOUR DUBOIS MEN ARE CHARGED WITH RIOTING

Four Dubois citizens sit in their prison cells today ruminating upon the misfortunes which overtake the man who fails to walk in the paths of peace. Steve Letto, Roman Rodduflek, George Marconis and Martin Cammeri were brought over the mountain yesterday, charged with indulging in a riot at Dubois.

The quartet did no serious damage but as they lacerated the peace of the borough they were incarcerated and will appear later before Judge Bell.

Your best salesman—Progress wants ads.

600,000 of Kaiser's Troops Sweeping Towards the River Meuse

PREPARATIONS FOR GREAT BATTLE GOING ON

German Cavalry are Near Brussels, from Which the Belgian Seat of Government Has Moved to Antwerp—First Real Fight of the War Will Take Place on Belgian Soil—German Chancellor Claims His Country Has Already Won Many Victories—French Suffer Heavy Losses in the Fight at Namur and Dinant—But Succeed in Driving the Germans Back.

(By International News Service.)

London, Aug. 18.—The Telegraph's correspondent wires from Namur, Belgium:

"Six hundred thousand Germans are sweeping on toward the river Meuse." Preliminary for a great battle along the entire line are beginning. Many aeroplanes in action, dropping bombs.

There is little now doubt that the first real fight of the war is about to take place on Belgian soil.

GERMANS ARE INTRENCHED

A dispatch from Brussels says that the Germans are taking up entrenched positions and preparing for a strenuous conflict.

Claims to Have Taken Liege

A Dispatch newspaper man at the front informed his paper that the Germans are pouring an unbelievable horde of men, horses and guns into Belgium and placing them along the entire line between Luxembourg and the northern limits of Belgium. He quotes a German officer as saying: "We took Liege in a week and thought it would take us three months. We can afford to lose a million men, but the allies cannot afford to lose thousands. We will take Strasbourg. Many guns have been captured with the greatest ease from the vanquished artillery of France."

Germans Near Antwerp

Antwerp, Aug. 18.—German cavalry were sighted today north of here. Civil guard has been ordered on a war footing to assist the garrison to defend.

Claims Germany is Winning

Rotterdam, Aug. 18.—The "Korrespondenz Norden" publishes an interview by Bjorne, in which he quotes the German chancellor, Bethmann-Hollweg as saying that Germany has already won great successes in the field, notwithstanding the German mobilization is not complete.

Helmuth Lives in Terror

Brussels, Aug. 18.—Underground news of German advance has thrown the entire city into a brainstorm of fear and terror. Evidently intending to allay the public mind the war office issued the following bulletin at noon: "German incursion toward Brussels seems to have been stopped. The situation remains excellent for our army."

Germans Have Halted

Paris, Aug. 18.—A Brussels dispatch states the Germans have halted their advance pending the disposition of the request that Belgium permit them to pass through unopposed. The Belgians rejected the proposition.

Detectives on Trail of the Homestead Robbers

(By International News Service.)
Pittsburgh, Aug. 18.—Detectives and police officers are on the chase after two men who robbed the Homestead National Bank of \$2,000.00 yesterday. It is believed the robbers are heading for Cameron, W. Va. Burns detectives took up the trail at Prosperity, Pa., this morning.



MEN WHO MAKE KAISER'S DELAY ON WAY TO PARIS

Two Groups of the Picturesque Russian Artillery, the Fiercest and Cruellest Fighting Men in the World.

Paris, Aug. 18.—The unexpected delay with which the kaiser's forces have met at Liege and Namur makes victory for the Germans over the powers of the Triple Entente almost an impossibility. It had been the plan of the German military authorities to rush their troops through Belgium's neutral territory, without resistance, and into France. Every day that she has been delayed has not only lost her over 1,000 men, but it has given the Russian army that much longer to mobilize. Each day of delay carries Germany away from possible victory. She had planned first to cope with France, then with England and to be ready with all her forces to meet Russia when the Russian advance started.

COL. ROOSEVELT TALKS TO FARMERS OF MAINE

Urges Tillers of the Soil to Join the Progressive Party and Receive Recognition

PROMISES THEM MANY NEEDED REFORMS

A Full Explanation of the aims and Purposes of the Progressive Party and Discussion of the Issue in Which the Farmer of the Entire Country Are Interested Given by the Great Leader at a Mass Meeting Held at Lewistown in the Pine Tree State—Both Old Political Parties Insincere.

(By International News Service.)
Lewistown, Me., Aug. 18.—Theodore Roosevelt made a strong appeal to the Maine farmers to join the Progressive party in a speech here today before an audience drawn from many parts of Maine.

He described the Democratic and Republican tariff ideas as two extremes, neither of which would give the farmer what he wanted. The Progressives would take a sane middle course.

Mr. Roosevelt promised the farmers a tariff made according to the findings of a scientific commission so as to actually lower the cost of living; control of monopolies of such kind that farmer co-operation would not be hampered; an administrative body to tell business men in advance what

they can and cannot do, and a government which should not be a "busy-body" but should help all who not only needed but desired assistance. The Progressives would abolish the uneconomic features of back roads and assure the farmers proper transportation and marketing of their crops.

Roosevelt's Speech.

The speech in full follows:
Men and Women of Maine:
Recollect how simple the program of the Progressive party really is. We believe that in this country nowadays there is a call for some sort of political organization of just every day common decency. The trouble is a callous moral sense on one side, and a hysteria and insincerity on the other.
(Continued on Page Four)

German Crown Prince Is Mortally Wounded

(By International News Service.)
The Hague, Aug. 18.—It is reported here that the German crown prince has been fatally wounded and is dying. Emperor William is hurrying on his way to the bedside of his son.

Telegraphic Weather Report.

Unsettled tonight and Wednesday; probably occasional showers; cooler in north portion tonight and Wednesday.

English and Germans in Skirmishes

(By International News Service.)
London, Aug. 18.—A dispatch from Accra, the capital of the British Gold Coast, Africa, recites that the British and Germans are skirmishing in Togoland, the English capturing two trains and taking a number of prisoners.

HYDE CITY SCENE OF FIERCE FIGHT BETWEEN BROTHERS

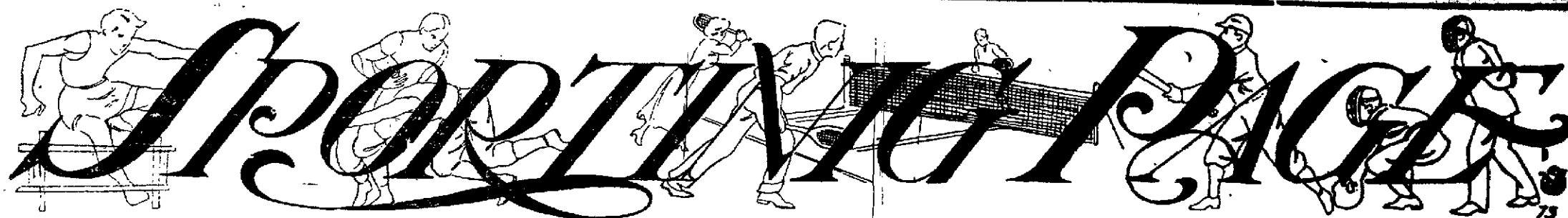
There was a call from Hyde City Monday night, asking that officers of the law proceed to that section at once, as a small riot was in progress. Sheriff McCloskey, Chief of Police McHenry and Deputy Sheriff Chaplain got into a motor car and went to the steel town, where they found two brothers, John and Steve Haversack, in what appeared to be a deadly fight.

The two brothers were drunk and began a quarrel, which was only ended when the officers appeared on the scene. It was found that Steve had been hit on the head with a beer bottle by John and an ugly scalp wound inflicted. He was bleeding like a stuck pig. John was badly bruised about the body.

Both men were taken to the county jail. Two witnesses of the affray were also brought to town, but were released.

Improved in Health.

E. L. Orr and two sons, Clyde and Max returned home last evening from a ten days' trip in Totter, New York. Mr. Orr has been in ill health but came back some benefited by the trip. While there the boys caught some fine specimens of fish and brought some home to their friends.



"IN THE DAYS OF OLD" A FINE JUVENILE PLAY

BY FRANK G MENKE

(By International News Service)

New York, Aug. 18.—Have you noticed that the element which used to insist that "the National league race is fixed so that the Giants will win" have become strangely silent during the last two weeks?

The Giants may win this year and give that crowd a chance to yell, "I told you so," but if the Giants do win they'll do it only after one of the bitterest fights in the history of the National league. It's a toss-up just now as to which of the first division four—Giants, Braves, Cards and Cubs—will clutch the bunting.

The Braves have come along since mid-July like a streak of lightning. They literally have zipped through the league and torn to shreds nearly everything that stood in their way. They have played better baseball over a month's stretch than has been seen in the Major leagues for many years.

The Cards still are hugging close onto the heels of the leaders and the Cubs haven't gone into the terrible decline that was predicted by many of the "wise" ones. With this trio to battle against, with this trio to watch and worry about, the Giants have a mighty task before them in their efforts to do what no team in modern baseball has done so far—winning the pennant for four years in a row.

The Giants must look to their pitchers from now on to carry them through. The club, as a whole, isn't hitting—except in streaks. Some days it makes enough hits and runs to win a half dozen ordinary games, but for a spell of a week or so it has a mighty job averaging two runs and four hits to a game.

Chief Meyers, the erstwhile slugger, has been benched because of weak clubbing. Larry Doyle pounds out three or four hits sometimes—and goes hitless for the next three or four. The Giants aren't hitting in pinches just now, and are losing games for the lack of a timely punch.

Nor are they fielding or running bases up to their old standard. The team is in a slump—and a bad one.

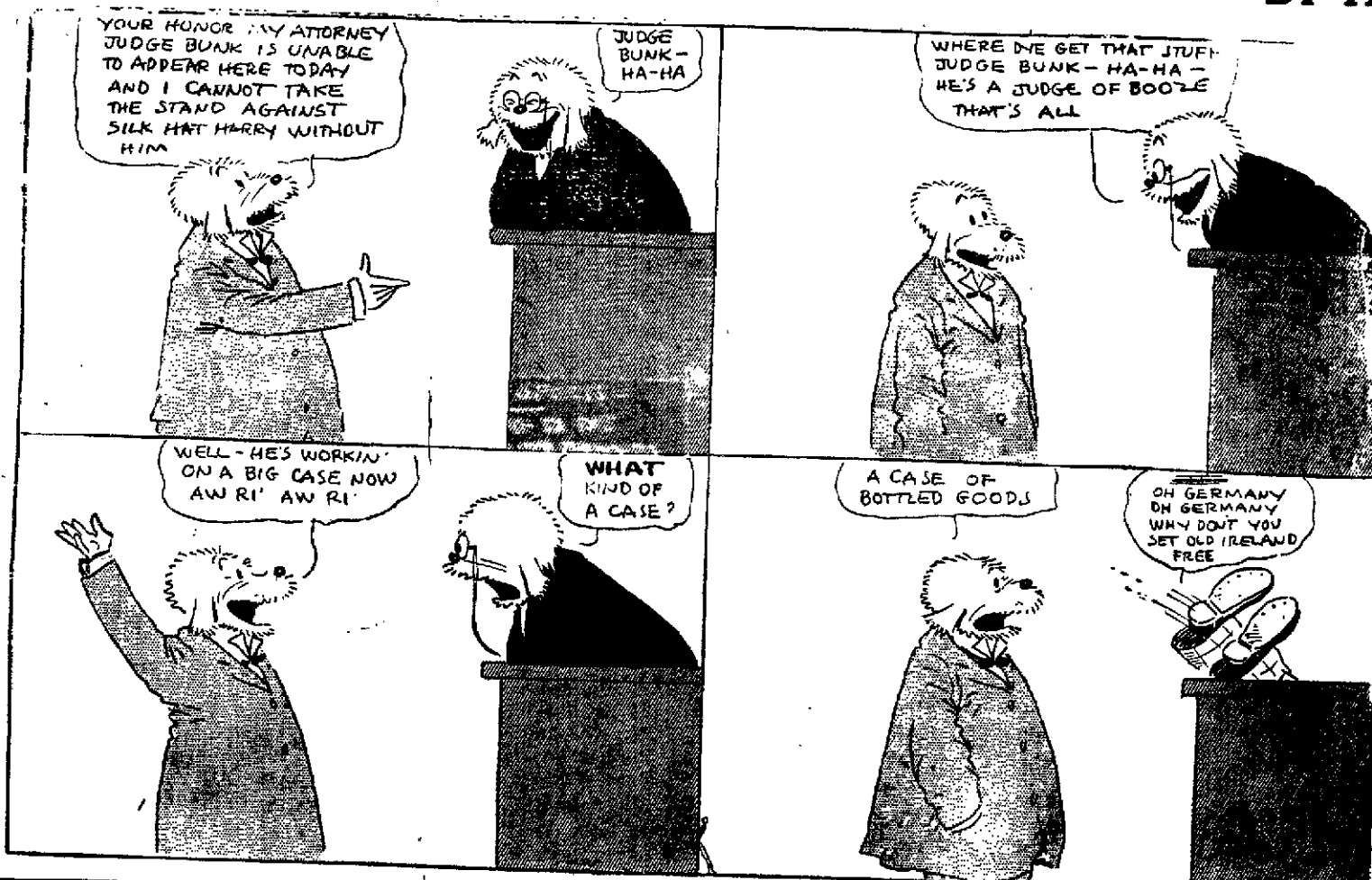
It's up to Matty, Tesreau, Marquand and Demaree to keep the champions around the top. Demaree hasn't delivered this year. Marquand is pitching in-and-out ball—a great game one day and an eccentric one the next. Tesreau has been pitching fine ball, Matty has pitched better baseball than at any time in his long career. This pair has carried the brunt of the Giants' fight. But how long can they keep it up?

If they can last out for another month it may be sufficient time for Marquand and Demaree to "come through." But, at the rate they have been traveling, that month may use them up. They may pitch themselves out—and then McGraw will have to depend on pitchers in whom he has no confidence—and in whom the players have but little real confidence this year.

If you were to ask Manager George Stallings, of the Braves, what it was that lifted his club from the bottom

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

BY TAD



almost to the top in less than a month he probably would tell you it was good pitching, good fielding and good hitting. And he might tell you it was a charm that was given to him on July 19th. Stallings is superstitious and he thinks that a luck coin has a lot to do with the uplift of Braves.

Knowing of Stallings' superstitious beliefs, Captain Rice, retired army officer, gave a Spanish coin to the Boston manager. It was an ancient piece that was found in a little bag around the neck of a rebel soldier in Haiti who had been killed in one of the skirmishes down there. The rebel was a member of voodoo organization and was regarded as one of its little spell casters.

Rice gave the coin to Stallings and on the very day he did the Braves won the game that lifted them out of the cellar for the first time since the season opened. Stallings is sure that the lucky piece has a lot to do with what the Braves have been able to do since then.

The Hospital Bridge Whist club will meet at the residence of Mrs. A. M. Liveright Thursday, August 20, at 2 o'clock sharp. Please notify the hostess if you shall be present. Secy.



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Baseball

Yesterday's Results

National League.

New York, 7; Pittsburgh, 3.
Pitchers—Tesreau and Harmon.
Brooklyn, 6; Chicago, 3.
Pitchers—Allen and Lavender.
First game.
Boston, 11; Cincinnati, 1.
Pitchers—Rudolph and Beaton.
Second game.
Boston, 5; Cincinnati, 3.
Pitchers—James and Schneider.
Philadelphia, 1; St. Louis, 4.
Pitchers—Mayer and Percua.

American League.

Cleveland, 9; Philadelphia, 5.
Pitchers—Coulme and Dush.
First game.
Washington, 1; New York, 0.
Pitchers—Ayers and Warhop.
Second game.
Washington, 3; New York, 4.
Pitchers—Johnson and Fisher.

Federal League.

Pittsburg, 7; Indianapolis, 8.
Pitchers—Knetzer and Moseley.
Brooklyn, 4; Kansas City, 1.
Pitchers—Lafitte and Adams.

SHIPS OF WAR CAN PASS THROUGH PANAMA CANAL

Washington, Aug. 18.—With the passage through the Panama canal Saturday of liner Ancon, the great waterway becomes, "free and open to the vessels of commerce and of war of all nations on terms of entire equality," in accordance with the provisions of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty.

Vessels drawing not more than thirty feet of water may now make

the passage. It would be possible to put some of the big American dreadnaughts through at any time.

Any of the foreign warships now in the Atlantic and Pacific waters could also make the trip, but the naval plans of the European powers which have vessels of both coasts of the United States are not known here.

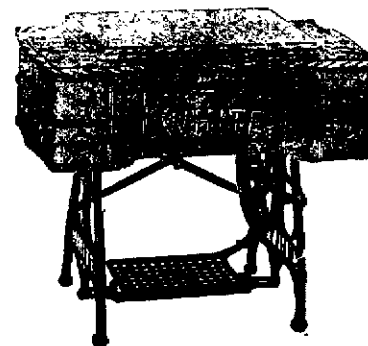
No embarrassment will face the United States should one of the vessels of the belligerents seek passage. Strict rules are laid down in the treaty for the perpetual neutralization of the canal and every detail will be under the direction of Governor Gethals and his staff. Except in cases of absolute necessity vessels of belligerents must make uninterrupted passage through the canal. They may not coal, revictual or embark or disembark troops in the canal zone and these provisions

also apply to the terminal waters at both ends of the canal, within a limit of three miles.

NATURALIZED CITIZENS NEED NOT RETURN TO EUROPE

In answer to many appeals for information from naturalized citizens and foreign residents as to conditions under which they may be returned to their native lands for military service, Secretary Bryan Saturday issued a statement saying the United States was not a party to any treaties under which such persons might be compelled to return for military service and that there was no way in which they might be forced to join the armies so long as they remain in the United States.

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We'll gladly play any dance music you wish to hear—stop in any time. And we'll explain how you can easily have a Victrola in your home—\$15 to \$200.



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Put up in one-pound cans with force
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Prices: For a Tire up to 32x3 1-2 \$1.25 each. For a Tire 32x4 up to
and including a 35x4 1-2 \$1.50 each. Larger Tires \$3.00 each.

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The can is square and has a detach-
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Oppo. Witmer Inn

HARDER'S GUN WORKS

Clearfield, Penn'a.

AN IRRESISTIBLE PAIR

Louis Joseph Vance and Mary Roberts Rhinehart

¶ This pair of authors are of the best in the field today, and a story from the pen of either is always a sure-fire hit, and to show the readers that the "Down-to-the Minute" newspaper is always ready to give them the best there is, a story from each of these popular writers is to be run in

THE CLEARFIELD PROGRESS

Commencing This Evening, August 18th, 1914



THE CASE OF JENNIE BRICE

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART



Was Jennie Brice murdered? If so, who killed her?
What did "Horn" mean? Also, strange mark on the body?

Read our new serial and solve these mysteries

The Trey O' Hearts

If you've got a drop of red blood in your veins— if your heart beats one bit faster to the tune of romance—adventure—love and mystery—then you've something in store so far ahead of anything you've ever seen that you will never forget.

The Pictures The Universal Film Manufacturing Co., pronounced THE TREY O' HEARTS the best action story for film purposes they had seen in three years. They backed up their judgment by putting the punch and \$200,000 cash into a set of pictures that are more than remarkable—they're simply extraordinary.

Won't Cost You One Red Penny You attend the movies—regularly. Instead of an ordinary film, you'll see graphically pictured by the best emotional actors and actresses in America—THE TREY O' HEARTS—a pace maker in pictures. So it won't cost you a nickel more to see it.

Mental Back Somersaults No matter how clever, you can't fathom the plot of THE TREY O' HEARTS one inch ahead of the scene you're viewing. It keeps you turning mental back somersaults all the way.

Full Reel Action in Every Foot The Universal Film Manufacturing Co., who are producing these films tell us that there is more action in every foot of THE TREY O' HEARTS than in a full reel of the ordinary scenario. And they should know. Thousands of scenarios go through their hands every year and they're investing \$200,000 in putting THE TREY O' HEARTS on the screen. That's backing judgment. And their success in the moving picture business tells whether or not they know a good thing when they see it.

¶ "THE CASE OF JENNIE BRICE" will be run in a liberal installment each day, and "THE TREY O' HEARTS" will appear on every Monday and Wednesday---Three full columns on each of these two days, and will also be run in pictures at the NEW OPERA HOUSE.

READ THE STORY !

SEE THE PICTURES !

¶ Be sure to get the first installments of these two Blue Ribbon Stories in This Evening's issue, and then don't miss a chapter after that, for they're both positively the biggest hits in the serial story line.

¶ Tell Your Friends So They Can Start THE PROGRESS This Evening If They Are Not Already on Our Subscription List !

THE CLEARFIELD PROGRESS

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Secretary of Internal Affairs.
Fred E. Lewis, Lehigh county.
Congress-at-Large.
Lex N. Mitchell, Jefferson county.
Arthur J. Rupley, Cumberland county.
Anderson H. Walters, Cambria county.
Harry Watson, Mercer county.

Washington District Ticket

Congress—21 District.
Guy B. Mayo, McKean county.
Senator—24 District.
Alonso S. Moulthrop, Clearfield

Washington County Ticket

For Legislature.
Earl G. Boone, Brady township.
Edward Lipart, Lawrence township.
Albertus G. Woodward, Curwensville.

Tuesday, August 18, 1914.

GOOD EVENING! Certainly you are now glad that you did not take that trip to Europe.

And then there is the girl who put the sigh in society.

Most of the Clearfield contingent who were "on their vacations" are convalescing, thank you.

However there are some Americans who will think twice before they cross the briny deep again.

If we were a European power we also would be ashamed of having started the world's greatest war.

Of course there is a woman at the bottom of the war in Europe. At least the French and Germans are fighting about Nancy.

An exchange thinks the art of conversation is disappearing. Has the editor of that paper ever attended a country club dinner?

"Big battles" seem to be imminent, but the war correspondents have fought at least a score of big battles since Austria declared war.

"First Big Battle Hourly Expected," is the announcement of the news

gatherers. But it won't be fought until the moving picture people arrive on the scene of action.

Gifford Pinchot realized at last that it is not good for man to live alone, and he has married a young lady who will grace Washington society when her husband takes his place among the law makers at the national capital.

Now that the reservists of European nations in this country have discovered that they cannot be compelled to return home to be killed in the war demands for tickets to Europe by that class of citizens has fallen off.

Every community should call down execrations upon the heads of the wholesale dealers who increase the prices of foodstuffs without rhyme or reason. And the people should use some strong words in denouncing the retail dealers who, when the wholesalers add a penny to the price of an article of food, increase the price by five or six cents.

JAPAN'S POSITION

Japan is said to be about to declare war against Germany, but the report does not bring that joy which follows the declaration of war by almost any other nation. Japan's activities in a war would, presumably, be confined to the Pacific. There are several nations which have possessions in the Pacific which would prefer to have Japan do her fighting elsewhere. The United States for one would not like to see Japan make herself too active in the Pacific; neither would Australia nor Canada.

There is going to be some valuable spoils distributed among the victors in the European war. If Japan joins in the melee she will expect to get a share of the spoils. What more natural than that she would ask for something which it would be embarrassing for England to give or which would seriously interfere with the policy of the United States? And if Japan joins the white people in this war what will become of the cry against the "yellow peril"? Because of these things it is hoped that Japan will remain near home if she goes to war.

GERMAN WAR NEWS

Germans in the United States wonder why the news of the war is almost

entirely confined to reports of French and Belgian victories or reported victories. The reason is plain, Germany has put up such a severe censorship on news from Berlin that it is impossible for the news agencies to discover what the Germans are doing or what they may do in the future. It is because the other powers are less strict in regard to giving out war news that so much is being printed about them and so little about German movements.

It is not at all to be supposed that while the Belgians are killing many Germans at Liege and other places the Germans are not doing their share of slaughtering. Nor is it probable that the French, in winning victories in the Vosges mountains, are not themselves suffering severe reverses. If German news centers were to give war correspondents facts upon which to base reports of the activities of the German armies the newspapers of the United States would only be too glad to fill their columns with the news.

MOBILIZATION

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Oh, the kings of earth have mobilized their men.

See them moving, valor proving,
To the fields of glory going,
Banners flowing, bugles blowing,
Every one a mother's son,
Brave with uniform and gun,
Keeping step with easy swing;
Yes, with easy step and light,
Marching onward to the fight,
Just to please the warlike fancy of a king

Who has mobilized his army for the strife.

Oh, the king of death has mobilized his men.
See the hearse, huge and black,
How they rumble down the track
With their coffins filled with dead,
Filled with men who fought and bled;
Now from fields of glory coming
To the sound of muffled drumming
They are lying still and white,
But the kings have had their fight;
Death has mobilized his army for the grave.

COL. ROOSEVELT TO MAINE FARMERS

(Continued from Page One)

other. If we can only get the rubbish off the souls of the weary plain citizens, there will be a tidal wave in our favor. It is the stay-at-home who really defeat us. As soon as we can get him heartened, as soon as we can get him to understand that this government is his if he chooses to take possession of it, that the bosses and machines will be like dust in a windy street if once he makes up his mind to turn them out, then he will show men who have profited by business and political corruption that there is a God in Israel. Neither of the old party organizations has any idea what it is doing, and neither of them has really any principle at all.

Old Parties Insincere.

In consequence, both the old party

organizations are thoroughly insincere and hypocritical, and I wish above all things else to call the attention of the plain, decent rank and file of the two old parties to the fact that no permanent good comes from retainings in power organizations which seek to win elections by announcement of devotion to policies which they adroitly abandon after election. Even if their change in such a case is toward the right, it is a matter of certainty that they are only doing right because it is expedient and not from motives of principle, and that they cannot be trusted when a new issue comes up; and new issues are always coming up.

Honest Men Needed in Office.

What we need in public office is honest men with courage and common sense who are honestly right on the issues that are up, and who, therefore, can be trusted to be right on the issues that are not up at the moment, but that may at any moment arise. In a public man's term of office, it often happens that the most important questions he has to face are on matters that arise after he has been elected. If he is not a straight man, a sincere man, then even though as a matter of policy he has declared himself right on one issue, he may go crooked on another issue.

Progressives Deceived.

Two years ago, a good many honest people, honest Progressives, were deceived into supporting gentlemen like Mr. Barnes and Mr. Peters because these gentlemen assured the voters that they were really Progressives and would stand for Progressive policies. But, as a matter of fact, inexpress they have stood absolutely with the Bourbon reactionaries of the stamp of Mr. Gallinger and the other men who, two years ago took part in the theft from the rank and file of the Republican party of its right to make its own platform and declare for its own policies. The Republican party organization is as Bourbon and reactionary now as it was then. If anything, it is worse.

Little Hope in Democracy

There is equally little hope in the Democratic party organization. Two years ago in their platform and on the stump, their representatives announced that they would reduce the tariff and thereby lower the cost of living and solve the trust question. They have reduced the tariff, The only effect this had upon the trust question was to weaken the smaller competitors of the trusts in the industries affected by the trusts. It did not reduce the cost of living, but it did reduce the capacity of the average man to earn a living. Their promises were absolutely falsified; and their action has been an important contributory cause to business anxiety and depression.

As to The Tariff.

As regards the tariff, remember that the Payne-Aldrich bill was a vicious bill on the one side, just as the present bill is a vicious bill on the other side. The two bills were made under exactly the same methods and just so long as these methods are continued, just so long violent reaction one way will be followed by violent reaction the other way. If you put

in power the Republican organization, under the lead of Messrs. Penrose, Barnes, Gallinger and the others whose hold upon it is as yet unshaken, you will insure another violent revulsion, the swing of the pendulum alternating from one unhealthy extreme to the other unhealthy extreme.

One Chance For The People

The one chance of accomplishing results worth having is to adopt the Progressive platform as regards the tariff, the trusts, as regards both business and labor. A tariff commission of non-partisan experts, if as efficiently handled as the German tariff commission, will do for this country what the German tariff commission through decades has done for Germany. We are not asking you to try experiments, we are asking you to go into a plain business proposition which has proved its excellence.

How to Handle The Trusts

In the same way the trusts can be handled only along the lines we championed. It is utterly hopeless to try to do away with combinations in the business world, just as it is hopeless and mischievous to try to do away with combinations in the labor world, just as we ought to encourage combinations in the labor world, just as we ought to encourage combination and cooperation among the farmers. There must be business combinations. The efforts to stop them all cannot be successful and can only result in mischief. What is needed is control of these corporations, thorough-going and far-reaching control, a control that can only come through the action of the national government. This control should not be attempted under the guise of lawsuits undertaken to punish people for what has already been done. It should be obtained through continuing supervisory control exercised by an administrative body. This administrative body should, in advance, tell honest business men what they cannot and what they can do. It should exercise such control over the inception of business as to put a stop at the beginning to the mischievous activities of business that is no honest.

Needs of the Wage Earner.

The Progressive party far more than any other political organization, has concerned itself with the needs of the wage-worker. We believe in the unions; but we demand the same good conduct from the union as from the corporation. We believe in the wage-worker's right of organization and of collective bargaining. He stands for justice to the plain, decent American who works for wages just as we stand for the plain decent American who runs a business or tills a farm. Whether a man works in a lumber camp, or a factory, or sails on a fishing schooner or stands behind a counter, or is head of a bank or a railroad, we wish to secure him fair play; we wish to give him a square deal, and to have him give his fellow-citizen also a square deal.

Helping the Farmer.

One of the men whom it is most desirable and at the most difficult to help, is the farmer. Now in all our country there is not a more typical American than the man in the country districts of the United States who lives on the soil. He does not want any

special favors. Above all, he does not want to be patronized for the purpose of keeping him still or getting his vote. What he wants is full justice for himself and his occupation. He has relatively few spokesmen in legislatures. He does not wish more than his share, but he does wish his full share of the common good, coming to him directly as a reward of his labor. He does not wish to shirk his work nor to have anyone else to do it for him, but he wishes to feel that his interests are being considered and safeguarded because he earns the right to such consideration, and because his welfare is fundamental to the welfare of all of us. Successful agriculture lies at the basis of national well-being, and, therefore, it deserves care and recognition on the part of public men.

What the Farmer Wants.

The farmer wishes attention and recognition from the government given from his point of view, and not from the point of view of political expediency or party policy. He wants all the institutions with which he is primarily concerned—schools, colleges, experiment stations, agricultural departments—to be well supported, for he takes pride in these institutions. As yet he has not much interest in cooperation. I think he ought to be far more interested than he is. But our prime duty must be to awaken him to the need of cooperation, and not to try to force it upon him without. In all these matters we must follow his lead, advising him so far as he is willing to receive advice, but always acting as he himself desires us to act in relation to his own interests. Cooperation is very desirable as a means to an end, but as yet in this country there are many localities where all that is necessary is that side of which deals with collective bargaining.

Politics Aid the Farmer.

Many of the questions most affecting the farmer should not be treated as questions of party policy at all. As I have already said, I hold very strongly that we should endeavor to eliminate the tariff from the domain of party politics through the assistance of a continuing governmental commission. Economic problems cannot be solved by partisan political methods. The real issue is not whether the tariff shall be revised upward or downward. The real issue is to make it fit the case, and this can only come by a continuing study and modification by a competent, independent, non-partisan body of experts. In particular, the farmer's needs can only be met in this fashion, and they are as equally disregarded when his foreign competitors are unduly favored against him as is the case under the present tariff, and when as under the Payne-Aldrich tariff, other people in the republic were given an advantage that he was not allowed. In other words, the tariff question can never be satisfactorily and properly adjusted merely as the policy of a party seeking votes and distributing favors.

Farmers and the Highways.
What is true of the tariff is true of many of the agricultural questions. The whole highway question should

(Continued on Page Eight)

Mobilizing---Living and Dead

THEY ARE MOBILIZING IN EUROPE... THE POEM BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX TELLS THE STORY... SEE IT ON THIS PAGE.



PERSONAL MENTION

Tuesday, August 18, 1914.

Lysle Row motored to DuBois yesterday.

Mrs. J. F. Berry returned from a visit to friends in Osceola.

Miss Rogers, of Philadelphia, is visiting Mrs. Louis Campbell.

Harry Mahaffey, of Mahaffey, was a Clearfield visitor yesterday.

Mrs. Snyder, of Curwensville, spent the morning shopping in town.

Miss Edna Daugherty is seriously ill at her home on Park avenue.

Miss Carrie Dyer, of Curwensville, was a town shopper this morning.

Miss Elizabeth Irwin, of Curwensville, was a Clearfield shopper today.

A. W. Leonardson left today to attend to business affairs in New York.

Mrs. Bickford, of Curwensville, spent the morning shopping in Clearfield.

Miss Cornelia Morrow, of Pittsburgh, is visiting friends in Clearfield.

Andrew McBlaine will attend the firemen's convention at Patton tomorrow.

Rev. and Mrs. M. C. Flegal, of Lumber City, were in Clearfield this morning.

Misses Helen Fullington and Frances Snook are visiting friends in Bellefonte.

Miss Zula Hughes, of Osceola, spent Saturday with the Misses Brown at the hospital.

Mrs. William Butler, of Philadelphia, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Adams, on Margaretta street.

Mrs. Paul Pantall, of Mahaffey, is spending a week at the home of H. A. Reed, on Market street.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Heller, of Jersey City are visiting with Mrs. Heller's father, James Mahaffey.

Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Reeve left yesterday to spend their vacation with their parents in Hopkinsville, Ohio.

Mrs. Hoffman and her daughter, Fannie drove to Woodland yesterday and spent the afternoon with friends.

Misses Mary Turner and Esther Beahan are spending their vacation with relatives in Elmira, New York.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Burkett, Mrs. Carrie Smith and David McCullough attended the funeral of Allen Brown Saturday.

Miss Ada Beuter, of Harrisburg, is spending the week with her sister, Mrs. Loraine Eberenz, on West Front street.

Mrs. Long, of Third street, and Miss Sadie Ward have returned from Atlantic City, where they spent the past two weeks.

H. A. Reed and family visited Mrs. Reed's parents, Mr. and Mrs. David H. Fairbank, at McGees Mills, the first of the week.

Mrs. James Blacker, of Nichols street, will leave Wednesday for Patton, to visit her brother during the fireman's convention.

Miss Bess L. Fairbank, an employee of the department of health at Harrisburg, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Harry A. Reed.

John Smith, Mrs. Oscar Mitchell, Miss Evelyn Smith, and Messrs. Clark and Donald Mitchell motored to Punxsutawney Friday.

Miss Eva Gifford, who spent the past week visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gullich, in Pittsburgh, has returned to her home on Market street.

Preston T. Croyle, of Punxsutawney, was in Clearfield Sunday and, accompanied by his mother, left for a visit to New York and other eastern cities.

Miss Vera Adams, of Franklinville, N. Y., and Miss Grace Moore, of Second street, will attend the seventh annual picnic of the Gypsy association of Clearfield tomorrow.

Wright Turner, a former resident of Clearfield, but who for the past three years has been living in Ohio, with his family, has returned to this place and taken up his residence in the East End.

LAWYER PENTZ BOYS

IN AUTO ACCIDENT

Attorney Pentz, of DuBois, brought two precocious boys with him when he drove his automobile from DuBois to Clearfield Monday. Having business in court Mr. Pentz left the boys in charge of the machine. Being lads who liked to see the wheels go round, the Pentz lad started the auto going, and it went to such a purpose that in quick time it had turned turtle, throwing the boys out and ruffling them up in a manner that caused the onlookers to gasp with fear lest the boys be killed.

The youths escaped with slight bruises, however, and the slight damage that was done to the car was soon repaired.

Little News Notes
From Curwensville

Edited by G. F. Kittleberger.

Miss Alice Bigler is spending several days in Houtzdale.

Misses Mary and Fannie Wolf left Monday for Sulphur Springs.

Carl Hamilton has returned from a vacation trip to Cumberland, Maryland.

Mrs. P. E. Smith, of South Curwensville, spent Monday in Clearfield.

Mr. and Mrs. William Ewing, of San Antonio, Texas, are visiting Mr. Ewing's parents, Congressman and Mrs. C. E. Patten.

Albert Kujawa, of Philadelphia, who has spent the last nine months

in Curwensville, has returned to his home for several weeks' visit.

Mrs. Maude Davidson and Mr. Stamp, of Buffalo, are visiting Mrs. William Holden and family, of Walnut street.

J. L. Smith is having the trees in front of his residence on Meadow avenue killed on account to the large growth of the roots.

Dr. and Mrs. Jenkins and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Guelker and daughter left Monday morning in their car for Gettysburg.

Martin Watts and Miss Nellie Watts, of DuBois, were in Curwensville yesterday.

NARROW ESCAPES FROM
ACCIDENTS AT CROSSINGS

Two automobile accidents at grade crossings were narrowly averted last week, while Clearfield residents were going to the funeral of Albert Brown, at Osceola Mills. While John Forsyth and Richard M. Reed were proceeding toward Osceola and were about to approach a railroad crossing at a fairly good rate of speed Mr. Reed suggested that they stop the car to avoid the possibility of being hit by a train. Sure enough, the car was stopped and a train rushed past. Had the car not been stopped it would undoubtedly have been on the crossing when the train appeared and nothing could have saved the motorists from death or serious injury.

On the same day John H. Moore and C. L. Torrence, who were on their way to the same funeral, reached the crossing at Wallacetown where a view of the railroad track is obscured by the cut. The automobile was on the track when the occupants saw the train approaching. Mr. Moore prepared to jump, but as the auto had been taken up the hill at a pretty fast clip in order to surmount the rise Mr. Torrence got the car over in safety, although a few seconds of time lost in crossing would have been fatal to the occupants of the car.

As it was, the train whizzed by just as the auto cleared the track.

These are only two of numerous narrow escapes at grade crossings, and motorists have had warnings enough to cause them to stop, look and listen when they approach such crossings.

IMPORTANT DATES.

First Annual Educational reunion, Burnside, August 21.

Annual picnic of Weaver cousins at McGees Mills, Thursday, Aug. 20.

Smeal family reunion, Bigler camp-meeting grounds, Aug. 19.

Stoneville reunion, Sept. 5.

County S. S. association convention, Osceola Mills, August 25-26.

Public schools will reopen on Tuesday, September 1.

Labor day, September 7.

Subscribe for the Progress

The Very Best Flour That
Money Can Buy
BIG LOAFThe County National Bank
OF CLEARFIELD, PA.

The Oldest Bank in Clearfield County

STATED ADDITIONS TO SURPLUS

For thirty-five years, at the declaration of each dividend, an addition to the Surplus has been made and the practice of thus strengthening the bank is still regularly followed. The results of this policy, noted below, are its own best commentary.

Paid in by Stockholders, - - - \$225,000.00
Saved from Earnings, - - - 865,000.00
Present Invested Capital, - - - \$1,090,000.00

Our Facilities for Serving Customers in Every
Department of Banking are Unsurpassed.
We Welcome New Accounts Large or Small.

WANTS TO BE REMEMBERED
TO WAR TIME COMRADES

The following letter has been received at the headquarters of the Washington party committee of Clearfield county. Mr. Watson is a Washington candidate for congress in his district and adjutant of the Northwestern Association Department of Pennsylvania, Grand Army of the Republic.

Greenville, Pa., Aug. 14, 1914.

Dear Sir:

I should very much like to come to Clearfield. As a runaway boy of sixteen from my native county of Indiana, the fortunes of war located me in the drum corps of the 84th Pennsylvania Volunteers. Major Walter Barrett, Colonel Nixon, Capt. Ross and Charles W. Taylor are names of comrades from your county which I recall in the old command. These were brave men. Some of them returned home a bit shattered, but my recollection is that Charles Taylor rests where he wearied, or sleeps where he fell.

If any of them or their people yet live about Clearfield I wish you would greet them sincerely for me and with love and admiration for them, I am,

Yours cordially,

HARRY WATSON.

OUTINGS

Class number 17 of the Trinity M. E. church, taught by John H. Moore, and their families to the number of about 60 held a picnic at Mineral Springs today, going out this morning. At noon a delightful picnic dinner was served. The day was spent in playing tennis, croquet and other games, making it one of the most enjoyable picnics of the season.

STONE RUN BRIDGE
HAS BEEN FINISHED

Contractor Joe Philipps has completed the construction of the concrete girder bridge over Stone run, near Shawsville. This is a county bridge and the county commissioners are well pleased with Contractor Philipps' work.

Off for the Patton Convention.

Delegates from the Clearfield fire department to the Patton convention will go to that town this evening over the New York Central. The firemen will not go until the day of the convention, Thursday.

A. W. LEONARDSON CO.

A. W. LEONARDSON CO.

25 \$5.00 Rain Coats

On Sale Today for \$2.98



THESE Rain Coats are up-to-minute in style, and the quality all you could expect to find for a five dollar bill. Your choice in tan, gray, navy or black, see window display, at . . . \$2.98

Silks and Dress Goods

Every day now sees new weaves, shades and designs added to a rapidly enlarging collection of the beautiful, distinctive materials that will be a feature of the new autumn fashions.

The New Silks Comprise---

Roman stripes, Tartan plaids, Poplins, Taffetas, Satin Meteors, high luster Satins and Crepe de Chine.

The New Dress Goods

Roman stripe in exclusive patterns, Gabardines, Broadcloths, Tartan stripes and the new novelty effects, especially for separate skirts and suits in the new fall colorings.

The New Velvets

Show many new styles in rich color combinations in stripes and moire effects as well as a full range plain colors including the new fall shades for girdles, collars and trimming, and as velvets are to be much used this season you're sure to be interested in these pretty new comers for fall and winter.

A. W. LEONARDSON COMPANY

BIG LOAF
FLOUR

Is For Sale by the Following Merchants in Clearfield and Vicinity.

G. N. Ellenberger,.....Clearfield
Ross & Woods,.....Clearfield
J. S. Beahan,.....Clearfield
Richard Cook,.....Clearfield
McCloskey Bros.,.....Clearfield
C. E. Shirey,.....Clearfield
Wm. M. Boyce & Son,.....Clearfield
F. S. Gilliland,.....Clearfield
S. B. McLaughlin,.....Clearfield
Fred Norris,.....Clearfield
Sam Barone,.....Clearfield
A. P. Schnarrs,.....Hyde
Bickford Store Co.,.....Curwensville
T. C. Hile,.....Curwensville
Harry Teats,.....Curwensville
W. B. Fox & Son,.....Curwensville
G. M. Clute,.....Curwensville
C. F. Hays,.....Curwensville
T. D. Small & Son,.....Curwensville
W. A. Hipps,.....Curwensville
Rafferty Bros.,.....Grampian
Grampian Supply Co.,.....Grampian
W. E. Derrick,.....Grampian
A. McGrath,.....Grampian
H. P. Wriglesworth,.....Grampian
F. M. Hartzfeld,.....Grampian
J. T. Pickles,.....Woodland
W. D. Walker & Bro.,.....Bigler
Ed. Shaw,.....Shawville
E. E. Murray,.....Shawville
Huskel Kunes,.....Karthaus
E. D. Billott,.....Frenchville
Q. E. Beauneigneur,.....Lecontes Mills
Graham Bros.,.....Lecontes Mills
Chas. S. Voinchet,.....Coudley
C. P. Rowles,.....Oianta
D. B. Hile,.....Lumber City
C. A. Stevens,.....Ansonville
F. B. Johnston,.....Curry Run
S. E. Stahl,.....Mahaffey
Wm. J. Seabrook,.....Westover
Z. T. Phillips,.....Irivona
Butterbaugh & Son,.....Cherry Tree

GEO. H. LUM

DUBOIS, PA.
Manufacturer's Agents for
Pennsylvania.

After the Band Concert Wednesday Night
FOLLOW THE 5th REG'T.
BAND TO THE
New Opera House

and see the first installment of the

"TREY O' HEARTS"

It's a Thriller,

Be Sure to See It!

ROSS & WOODS

ROSS & WOODS

We are among the largest distributors of National Biscuit Co. products in Clearfield county.

You can buy National Biscuit Co. crackers, and cakes many places, but to secure fresh goods you should purchase from stores that get supplies weekly. We pride ourselves on the assortments and freshness of the goods.

The advances so far caused by the European war are: flour about 40c a bbl. Big advance in sugar, now 9c lb.

Many times we hear the expression "I've been all over town and could not get this article," we feel like saying: "Call at Clearfield's large general store first and save time and annoyance."

ROSS & WOODS





THE CASE OF JENNIE BRICE

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

Copyright, 1913, by the Bobbs-Merrill Company

PROLOGUE.

Was Jennie Brice murdered?
If she were murdered, who was guilty of the foul deed?
If she were not done away with by an assassin, what became of her?

Whence did she disappear?
These and a few other interesting questions are raised at once in this very clever tale of mystery written by a woman who is not only an adept at writing fiction of this character, but the possessor of a style that chains the interest by its clearness and directness and wins by its rich humor.

CHAPTER I.

WE have just had another flood, but enough, but only a foot or two of water on the first floor. Yesterday we got the mud shored out of the cellar and found Peter, the spaniel that Mr. Ladley left when he "went away." The flood, and the fact that it was Mr. Ladley's dog whose body was found half buried in the basement fruit closet, brought back to me the strange events of the other flood five years ago, when the water reached more than half way to the second story, and brought with it, to some, mystery and sudden death, and to me the worst case of "shingles" I have ever seen.

My name is Pitman—in this narrative. It is not really Pitman, but that does well enough. I belong to an old Pittsburgh family. I was born on Penn avenue, when that was the best part of town, and I lived, until I was fifteen, very close to what is now the Pittsburgh club. It was a dwelling then; I have forgotten who lived there at that time.

I was a girl in '77, during the railroad riots, and I recall our driving in the family carriage over to one of the Allegheny hills, and seeing the yards burning, and a great noise of shooting from across the river. It was the next year that I ran away from school to marry Mr. Pitman, and I have not known my family since. We were never reconciled, although I came back to Pittsburgh after twenty years of wandering. Mr. Pitman was dead; the old city called me, and I came.

I had a hundred dollars or so, and I took a house in lower Allegheny, where, because they are partly inundated every spring, the rents are cheap, and I kept boarders. My house was always orderly and clean, and although the neighborhood had a bad name, a good many theatrical people stopped with me. Five minutes across the bridge and they were in the theater district. Allegheny at that time, I believe, was still an independent city. But since then it has allied itself with Pittsburgh; it is now the north side of the city.

I was glad to get back. I worked hard, but I made my rent and my living and a little over. Now and then on summer evenings I went to one of the parks and, sitting on a bench, watched the children playing around and looked at my sister's house, closed for the summer. It is a very large house. Her father once had his wife boarding with me—a very nice little woman.

It is curious to recall that at that time, five years ago, I had never seen my niece, Lida Harvey, and then to think that only the day before yesterday she came in her automobile as far as she dared and then sat there, waving to me, while the police patrol brought across in a skiff a basket of provisions she had sent me.

I wonder what she would have thought had she known that the elderly woman in a calico wrapper, with an old overcoat over it and a pair of rubber boots, was her aunt.

The flood and the sight of Lida both brought back the case of Jennie Brice, for even then Lida and Mr. Howell were interested in each other.

This is April. The flood of 1907 was earlier, in March. It had been a long hard winter, with ice gorges in all the upper valleys. Then in early March there came a thaw. The gorges broke up and began to come down, filling the rivers with crashing, grinding ice.

There are three rivers at Pittsburgh, the Allegheny and the Monongahela uniting there at the point to form the Ohio. And all three were covered with broken ice, logs and all sorts of debris from the upper valleys.

A warning was sent out from the weather bureau, and I got my carpets ready to lift that morning. That was on the third of March, a Sunday. Mr. Ladley and his wife, Jennie Brice, had

the parlor bedroom and the room behind it. Mrs. Ladley, or Miss Brice, as she preferred to be known, had a small part at a local theater that kept a permanent company. Her husband was in that business, too, but he had nothing to do. It was the wife who paid the bills, and a lot of quarreling they did about it.

I knocked at the door at 10 o'clock, and Mr. Ladley opened it. He was a short man, rather stout and getting bald, and he always had a cigarette. Even yet the parlor carpet smells of them.

"What do you want?" he asked sharply, holding the door open about an inch.

"The water's coming up very fast, Mr. Ladley," I said. "It's up to the swinging shelf in the cellar now. I'd like to take up the carpet and move the piano."

"Come back in an hour or so," he snapped and tried to close the door. But I had got my toe in the crack.

"I'll have to have the piano moved, Mr. Ladley," I said. "You'd better put off what you are doing."

I thought he was probably writing. He spent most of the day writing.



"What do you want?" he asked sharply.

using the washstand as a desk, and it kept me busy with oxalic acid taking ink spots out of the splasher and the towels. He was writing a play and talked a lot about the Shuberts having promised to star him in it when it was finished.

"It—!" he said, and, turning, spoke to somebody in the room.

"We can go into the back room," I heard him say, and he closed the door. When he opened it again the room was empty. I called in Terry, the Irishman who does odd jobs for me now and then, and we both got to work at the tacks in the carpet. Terry working by the window and I by the door into the back parlor, which the Ladleys used as a bedroom.

That was how I happened to hear what I afterward told the police.

Some one—a man, but not Mr. Ladley—was talking. Mrs. Ladley broke in: "I won't do it!" she said flatly. "Why should I help him? He doesn't help me. He loafs here all day, smoking and sleeping, and sits up all night, drinking and keeping me awake."

The voice went on again, as if in reply to this, and I heard a rattle of glasses, as if they were pouring drinks. They always had whisky, even when they were behind with their board.

"That's all very well," Mrs. Ladley said. I could always hear her, she having a theatrical sort of voice—one that carries. "But what about the prying she devil that runs the house?"

"Hush, for God's sake!" broke in Mr. Ladley, and after that they spoke in whispers. Even with my ear against the panel I could not catch a word.

The men came just then to move the piano, and by the time we had taken it and the furniture upstairs the water was over the kitchen floor and creeping forward into the hall. I had never seen the river come up so fast. By noon the yard was full of floating ice, and at 3 that afternoon the police skiff was on the front streets, and I was wading around in rubber boots, taking the pictures off the walls.

I was too busy to see who the Ladleys' visitor was and he had gone when I remembered him again. The Ladleys took the second story front, which was empty, and Mr. Reynolds, who was in the silk department in a store

across the river, had the room just behind.

I put up a coal stove in a back room next the bathroom and managed to cook the dinner there. I was washing up the dishes when Mr. Reynolds came in. As it was Sunday he was in his slippers and had the colored supplement of a morning paper in his hand.

"What's the matter with the Ladleys?" he asked. "I can't read for their quarreling."

"Booze, probably," I said. "When you've lived in the flood district as long as I have, Mr. Reynolds, you'll know that the rising of the river is a signal for every man in the vicinity to stop work and get full. The fuller the river, the fuller the male population."

"Then this flood will likely make 'em drink themselves to death!" he said. "It's a lulu."

"It's the neighborhood's annual debauch. The women are busy in the cellars, or they'd get full too. I hope, since it's come this far, it will come farther, so the landlord will have to paper the parlor."

That was at 3 o'clock. At 4 Mr. Ladley went down the stairs, and I heard him getting into a skiff in the lower hall. There were boats going back and forth all the time carrying crowds of curious people and taking the flood sufferers to the corner grocery, where they were lowering groceries in a basket on a rope from an upper window.

I had been making tea when I heard Mr. Ladley go out. I fixed a tray with a cup of it and some crackers and took it to their door. I had never liked Mrs. Ladley, but it was chilly in the house with the gas shut off and the lower floor full of ice water. And it is hard enough to keep boarders in the flood district.

She did not answer to my knocks, so I opened the door and went in. She was at the window, looking after him, and the brown valise that figured in the case later was opened on the floor. Over the foot of the bed was the black and white dress with the red collar.

When I spoke to her she turned around quickly. She was a tall woman, about twenty-eight, with very white teeth and yellow hair, which she parted a little to one side and drew down over her ears. She had a sullen face and large well-shaped hands, with her nails long and very pointed.

"The 'she devil' has brought you some tea," I said. "Where shall she put it?"

"She devil!" she repeated, raising her eyebrows. "It's a very thoughtful she devil. Who called you that?"

But with the sight of the valise and the fear that they might be leaving I thought it best not to quarrel. She had set the window and, going to her dressing table, had picked up her nail file.

"Never mind," I said. "I hope you are not going away. These floods don't last, and they're a benefit. Plenty of the people around here rely on 'em every year to wash out their cellars."

"No, I'm not going away," she replied lightly. "I'm taking that dress to Miss Hope at the theater. She is going to wear it in 'Barth's Aunt' next week. She hasn't half enough of a wardrobe to suit her in stock. Look at this trunk, here, broken to the quick!"

If I had any looked to see which trunk it was, I was putting the tea tray on the washstand and moving Mr. Ladley's valise to find room for it. Peter the spaniel began for a lump of sugar and I gave it to him.

"Where is Mr. Ladley?" I asked.

"Gone out to see the river."

"I hope he'll be careful. There's a drawing of two every year in these floods."

"Then I hope he won't," she said calmly. "Do you know what I was doing when you came in? I was looking after his boat and hoping it had a hole in it."

"You won't feel that way tomorrow, Mrs. Ladley," I protested, shocked. "You're just nervous and put out. Most men have their ugly times. Many a time I wished Mr. Pitman was gone—until he went. Then I'd have given a good bit to have him back again."

She was standing in front of the dresser, fixing her hair over her ears. She turned and looked at me over her shoulder.

"Probably Mr. Pitman was a man," she said. "My husband is a fiend, a devil!"

Well, a good many women have said that to me at different times. But just let me say such a thing to them, or repeat their own words to them the next day, and they would fly at me in a fury. So I said nothing and put the cream into her tea.

I never saw her again.

(To be Continued.)

WANTED: A Bright Young Man

A long established and reputable house—40 years in business—has an opening in this city for a resident representative. His time will be largely his own; the work is pleasant and agreeable; his profit averages more than 33 1/2% on the business done, and previous experience is not essential. This is an ideal opportunity for a young man of good appearance, wide circle of acquaintance and a genuine desire to make good in a profitable field of work. The earliest reply will receive first consideration.

FOSTER GILROY
301 Lafayette Street
New York

SUNDAY SCHOOL PARADE AT OSCEOLA CONVENTION

In connection with the Clearfield County Sunday School convention at Osceola Mills, Aug. 25-26, we will hold our annual Street Demonstration Tuesday evening, Aug. 25. All men, "teen" age pupils, boy scouts, and the hand or drum corps in Clearfield county, Philipsburg and vicinity, are cordially invited to be present, and take part in the parade.

We are aiming to have a band at the head of each division and to have each class carry a banner. Will you and your entire Sunday school cooperate in making this the largest and best parade we have ever held?

Trusting that we may safely depend on you to do your part, and with kind regard in plenty, I am, Faithfully yours,

Rev. O. B. Poulson,
Co. Supt. O. A. B. C.

Borough Bonds for Sale.

The undersigned Finance Committee of the borough of Clearfield, Pa., will receive sealed bids until 7:30 P. M. Sept. 1st, 1914, for the purchase of the whole or any part of an issue of Bonds of said borough of the par value of \$38,600, to bear interest at the rate of 4 1/2 per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually, free of all taxes. The Finance Committee reserves the right to object to all bids not believed to be for the best interest of the Borough.

For further particulars call on or address

J. D. CONNELLY,
Secretary of Council.
Clearfield, Pa., Aug. 11, 1914. 2w 1d.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

The public schools of Clearfield will open for the school year 1914-1915 Tuesday, September 1st.

All pupils entering the Clearfield schools for the first time must present a certificate of successful vaccination.

There will be an examination in the High school building, Friday, Aug. 28th, for those who wish to get credit for advance standing and for those who have conditions.

GEO. E. ZERFOSS,
Superintendent.

TRIPLEX GAS SAVER

Guaranteed to Reduce Your Cooking Expenses

Cuts Gas Bills Into Half

Price \$1.50

For Sale by

KURTZ & WRIGHT

For demonstration

Call H. & C. Phone, 353 X 2.

IN THE MOVIES

HARD FIGHT FOR 1914 PENNANT—NO SURE WINNER

"In the Days of Old."

Romantic little Willie engages in fistfights over a certain charming little girl. Upon returning home he is severely scolded. Feeling tired and angry he falls asleep.

His dream carries him back to the days "when love was young and knights were bold" and in fancy he is summoned before the king. That royal gentleman covets Willie's beautiful lady, Clara. He orders the knight to bring her to the court. Though suspicious of the king's intentions, Willie obeys the mandate and the parting is sad when Clara leaves her knight to reside in the king's palace.

The ruler's wife, enraged with jealousy at her husband's actions, secures the magic rose whose perfume causes death. Presenting it to Clara,

the beautiful lady falls back as if dead. With much lamentation she is stretched on a bier. Willie, hearing of his sweetheart's death, gallops madly to the castle and is tearfully bidding over her when she opens her eyes and softly tells him she has shammed death to escape from the king. He assists her to rise. They rush madly off only to be held up by the king's guards. Dispensing of them single handed, Willie is carrying Clara back when he awakes with a start to find himself in his mother's arms.

Shown at the Opera house this evening

"Man and His Brother."

The man lost his job because they said he was an ex-convict. But the man explained to the girl. Then a chance came to make good — to capture a bandit. The bandit turned out to be his brother. What could he do?

One of the features at the Opera house this evening.

Oliver Typewriter Ribbons — the best of the market—may be had at the Clearfield Progress office. Any color of ribbon, price 60c. If by mail, remit 65c and ribbons will be forwarded promptly.

SEED WHEAT

Bred Wheat for sale at Stone House Farm. Smooth wheat, re-cleaned and excellent variety. \$1.25 per bushel sacked. James Mitchell, 200 Walnut St., Clearfield, Pa. 2nd-42w

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING PAYS

The Very Best Flour That Money Can Buy
BIG LOAF

WANTED!

An opportunity to convince you that you cannot do better than to entrust your plumbing work to us whether it be repairs or the installation of a new system. Remember when it comes to a question of plumbing, it pays to secure the best. That's the kind of work you get when you entrust your plumbing to us, whether it be merely minor repairs or the installation of a new system.

Both Phones.

A SQUARE DEAL
WILLIAM F. POWELL
23 So. Second St.

NEW OPERA HOUSE

FEATURING THE BIG UNIVERSAL PROGRAM
4 REELS---TO-NIGHT, AUGUST 18th

An Amusing Juvenile Drama "In The Days of Old"

See J. Warren Kerrington in the Two Reel Victor Film "A Man and His Brother"

A Western Drama of Deep Interest "The Gambler"

→ This Way To The Opera House

The Talk of the Town

ROBINSON'S BIG SALE

Clearfield - - - - - Curwensville
\$35,000 Worth of the best Merchandise Clearfield ever saw must be sold for what it will bring

Your Dollars will Stretch Like Rubber at This Store

The Greatest Opportunity of the year is now before you.

Come to this sale and save half. Look for name of ROBINSON & COMPANY

Sale going on in both Stores

ROBINSON & COMPANY,
Clearfield and Curwensville

The Trey O' Hearts

A Novelized Version of the Motion Picture Drama of the Same Name
Produced by the Universal Film Co.

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

Author of "The Fortune Hunter," "The Blue Bird," "The Black Bag," etc.

Illustrated with Photographs from the Picture Production

CHAPTER I.

The Message of the Rose.

Lapped deep in the leather-bound, luxury of an ample lounge-chair, walled apart from the world by the venerable solitude of the library of London's most exclusive club, Mr. Alan Law sprawled (largely on the nose of his neck) and, squinting discontentedly down his nose, admitted that he was exhaustively bored.

Now the chair filled so gracefully stood by an open window, some twenty feet below which lay a sizable walled garden, an old English garden in full flower. And through the window, now and then, a half-hearted breeze wafted gusts of warm air, suave and enervating with the heavy fragrance of English roses.

Mr. Law drank deep of it, and in spite of his spiritual unrest, sighed slightly and shut his eyes.

An unspoken word troubled the depth of his consciousness, so that old memories stirred and struggled to its surface. The word was "Rose," and for the time seemed to be the name neither of a woman nor of a flower, but oddly of both, as though the two things were one. His mental vision, bridging the gap of a year, conjured up the vision of a little, sweet silhouette in white, with red roses at her belt, posed on a terrace of the Riviera against the burning Mediterranean blue.

Mr. Law was dully conscious that he ought to be sorry about something. But he was really very drowsy indeed; and so, drinking deep of wine-scent of roses, he fell gently asleep.

The clock was striking four when he awoke; and before closing his eyes he had noticed that its hands indicated ten minutes to four. So he could not have slept very long.

For some few seconds Alan did not move, but rested as he was, incredulously regarding a rose which had materialized mysteriously upon the little table at his elbow. He was quite sure it had not been there when he closed his eyes, and almost as sure that it was not real.

And in that instant of awakening the magic fragrance of the rose-garden seemed to be even more strong and cloying sweet than ever.

Then he put out a gingerly hand and discovered that it was real beyond all question. A warm red rose, fresh-plucked, drops of water trembling and sparkling like tiny diamonds on the velvet of its fleshy petals. And when impulsively he took it by the stem, he discovered a most indisputable thorn—which did service for the traditional pinch.

Convinced that he wasn't dreaming, Alan transferred the rose to his sound hand, and meditatively sucked his

a sign from her, so that he had grown accustomed to the unflattering belief that she had forgotten him. And now the sign had come—but what the deuce did the trey of hearts mean?

When morning came, London had lost Alan Law. No man of his acquaintance—nor any woman—had received the first warning of his disappearance. He was simply and sufficiently removed from English ken.

CHAPTER II.

The Sign of the Three.

Out-of-doors, high brazen noon, a day in spring, the clamorous life of New York running as fluent as quicksilver through its brilliant streets.

Within-doors, neither sound nor sub-beam disturbed a perennial quiet that was yet not peace.

The room was like a wide, deep well of night, the haunt of teeming shadows and sinister silences.

Little, indeed, was visible beyond the lonely shape that brooded over it, the figure of an old man motionless in a great, leather-bound chair.

His hair was as white as his heart was black. The rack of his bones, clothed in a thick black dressing-gown with waist-cord of crimson silk, from the thighs down was covered by a black woollen rug. He stared unblinkingly at nothing; a man seven-eighths dead, completely paralyzed but for his head and his left arm.

Presently a faint clicking signal disturbed the stillness. Seneca Trine put forth his left hand and touched one of a row of crimson buttons embedded in the desk. Something else clicked—this time a latch. There was the faintest possible noise of a closing door, and a smallish man stole noiselessly into the light, paused beside the desk and waited respectfully for leave to speak.

"Well?"

"A telegram, sir—from England."

"Give it me!"

The old man seized the sheet of yellow paper, scanned it hungrily, and crushed it in his tremulous claw with a gesture of uncontrollable emotion.

"Send my daughter Judith here!"

Two minutes later a young woman in street dress was admitted to the chamber of shadows.

"You sent for me, father?"

"Sit down."

She found and placed a chair at the desk, and obediently settled herself in it.

"Judith—tell me—what day is this?"

"My birthday. I am twenty-one."

"And your sister's birthday? Rose, too, is twenty-one."

"Yes."

"You could have forgotten that," the old man pursued almost mockingly.

"Do you really dislike your twin-sister so intensely?"

then—it came to pass that we loved one woman, your mother. I won her—all but her heart; too late she realized it was I who loved. He never forgave me for it. Though he married another woman, still he held from me the love of my wife. I could not sleep for hating him—and he was no better off. Each sought the other's ruin; it came to be an open duel between us, in Wall street. One of us had to fall—and I held the stronger hand. The night before the day that was to have seen my triumph, I walked in Central park, as was my habit to tire my body so that my brain might sleep. Crossing the East drive I was struck by a motor-car running at high speed without lights. I was picked up insensible—and lived only to be what I am today. Law triumphed in the street while I lay helpless; only a living remnant of my fortune remained to me. Then his



We Both Loved One Woman.

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Trine smiled a cruel smile: "I had made his life a reign of terror. Ever so often I would send Law, one way or another—mysteriously always—a trey of hearts; it was my death-signal for him; as you know, our name Trine, signifies a group of three. And every time he received a trey of hearts, within twenty-four hours an attempt of some sort would be made upon his life. The strain broke down his nerve."

"Then I turned my attention to the son, but the distance was too great the difficulties insuperable. The Law millions mocked all my efforts; then the Rothschilds placed their protection

WASHINGTON PARTY COUNTY COMMITTEE

James Mitchell, member of state committee for Clearfield county.

Standing Committee.

Brisbin borough—John D. Walker. Burnside borough—Robert Burns. Chester Hill borough—Edgar Shontz. Clearfield, 1st ward—Richard Patterson.

Clearfield, 2nd ward—M.O.A. Sahn. Clearfield, 3rd ward—Lewis Shaffer.

Clearfield, 4th ward—Ross A. Lambert.

Coalport borough—F. M. Hahn.

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Newburg borough—W. W. Herd.

New Washington borough—Wm. Estreicher.

Osceola borough—G. W. Mattern.

Ramey borough—B. F. Allgood.

Troutville borough—H. R. Lindsey.

Wallacetown borough—R. W. France.

Westover borough—J. B. McKee.

Beccaria, Blain City precinct—J. A. Adorn.

Beccaria, Beccaria precinct—Duncan Sommerville.

Beccaria, Irvona precinct—J. H. Beachey.

Beccaria, Utahville precinct—Jas. Cowen.

Bell, Southern precinct—Fred Albert.

Bell, Summit precinct—W. B. Stephenson.

Bigler township—James H. Minis.

Bloom township—Frank Petzer.

Boggs, Stoneville precinct—George Stover.

Boggs, Blue Ball precinct—C. C. Gearhart.

Bradford, Jackson precinct—J. G. Maines.

Bradford, Bigler precinct—T. H. Stevens.

Bradford, Woodland precinct—J. M. Baker.

Brady, Helvetia precinct—Norman McGee.

Brady, Luthersburg precinct—J. H. Edinger.

Brady, Troutville precinct—A. Black.

Burnside township, East Ridge—W. J. Westover.

Burnside township, New Washington—Russell Rorobough.

Burnside township, Patchinville—F. E. Crossman.

Chest township—J. C. Cross.

Covington township—Celest Veriot.

Cooper, Kylertown precinct—H. G. Jones.

Cooper, Peale precinct—Cooper, Cooper precinct—Andrew Brown.

Cooper, Winburne precinct—Chas. Johnson.

Decatur, Centre precinct—Robert Patterson.

Decatur, Graham precinct—John Fenlon.

Decatur, Gearhartville precinct—Obadiah Long.

Decatur, Kephart precinct—William Krouse.

Ferguson township—E. E. Owens.

Girard township—William Kirkwood.

Goshen township—Warren Lingle.

Graham, Centre Hill precinct—Thos. Beveridge.

Graham, Graham precinct—J. G. Maines.

Greenwood township—David Patterson.

Gulich, Ginter precinct—Ed. Pettersen.

Gulich, Janesville precinct—John Harrington.

Huston, Huston precinct—Brady Overtorf.

Huston, Tyler precinct—Joe Morehouse.

Jordan township—Chas. Sawyer.

Karhaus, Cataract precinct—Karhaus, Karhaus precinct—J. W. Reese.

Knox, Boardman precinct—Thos. French.

Knox, Carnwath precinct—John M. Fleck.

Knox, New Millport precinct—David Yocum.

Lawrence, Clearfield precinct—Thos. Hemphill.

Lawrence, Glen Richey precinct—Jas. Norman.

Lawrence, Hilldale precinct—C. G. Morris.

Morris, Ashcroft precinct—W. E. Johnson.

Morris, Allport precinct—William Denshar.

Morris, Morrisdale precinct—John Ball.

Morris, Munsons precinct—B. W. Williams.

Penn township—James D. Wall.

Pike, Curwensville precinct—Chas. Bailey.

Pike, Olanta precinct—C. P. Bowles.

Sandy, Falls Creek precinct—J. C. Weaver.

Sandy, Sabula precinct—Alan Bundy.

Sandy, Clear Run precinct—Sandy, Sandy precinct—F. M. Timlin.

Sandy, Oklahoma precinct—D. P. Christian.

Union township—Samuel Beers.

Woodward, Sanborn precinct—D. J. Kline.

Woodward, Sterling precinct—Samuel Rainesley.

Woodward, N. Houtzdale precinct—William Bloom.

Woodward, W. Houtzdale precinct—Joseph Partridge.

Oliver Typewriter Ribbons—the best on the market—may be had at the Clearfield Progress office. Any color of ribbon, price 50c. If by mail, remit 60c and ribbons will be forwarded promptly.

WORK WANTED—of any kind by clean-cut, energetic young man. Best of references. Call 304 on H. & C. Phone.

HAVE DARK HAIR AND LOOK YOUNG

Nobody can Tell when you Darken Gray, Faded Hair with Sage Tea.

Grandmother kept her hair beautifully darkened, glossy and abundant with a brew of Sage Tea and Sulphur. Whenever her hair fell out or took on that dull, faded or streaked appearance, this simple mixture was applied with wonderful effect. By asking at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy," you will get a large bottle of this old-time receipt, ready to use, for about 50 cents. This simple mixture can be depended upon to restore natural color and beauty to the hair and is splendid for dandruff, dry itchy scalp and falling hair.

Known downtown druggist

ORDER
A
CASE
TODAY



SAFETY FIRST

FOR DEPOSITORS OF

Clearfield National Bank

Total Assets \$1,500,000.00

The Trey O' Hearts

A Novelized Version of the Motion Picture Drama of the Same Name
Produced by the Universal Film Co.

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

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Copyright, 1914, by Louis Joseph Vance

CHAPTER I.

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And in that instant of awakening the magic fragrance of the rose-garden seemed to be even more strong and cloying sweet than ever.

Then he put out a gingerly hand and discovered that it was real beyond all question. A warm red rose, fresh-plucked, drops of water trembling and sparkling like tiny diamonds on the velvet of its fleshy petals. And when impulsively he took it by the stem, he discovered a most indisputable thorn—which did service for the traditional pluck.

Convinced that he wasn't dreaming, Alan transferred the rose to his sound hand, and meditatively sucked his



With Red Roses at Her Belt.

thumb. Then he jumped up from the chair and glared suspiciously round the room. It was true that a practical joke in that solemn atmosphere were a thing unthinkable; still, there was the rose.

There was no one but himself in the library.

Perplexed to exasperation, Alan fled the club, only pausing on the way out to annex the envelope he found addressed to him in the letter-rack.

It was a blank white envelope of good quality, the address typewritten, the stamp English, and bore a London postmark half illegible.

Alan tore the envelope open in absent-minded fashion—and started as it stung. The enclosure was a simple playing card—a trey of hearts!

As for Alan Law, he wandered homeward in a state of stupefaction. He could read quite well the message of the rose. He would not soon forget that year-old parting with his Rose of the Riviera: "You say you love me but may not marry me—and we must part. Then promise this, that if ever you change your mind, you'll send for me." And her promise: "I will send you a rose."

But the year had lapsed with never

a sign from her, so that he had grown accustomed to the unfattering belief that she had forgotten him.

And now the sign had come—but what the deuce did the trey of hearts mean?

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"Well?"

"A telegram, sir—from England."

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The old man seized the sheet of yellow paper, scanned it hungrily, and crushed it in his tremulous claw with a gesture of uncontrollable emotion.

"Send my daughter Judith here!"

Two minutes later a young woman in street dress was admitted to the chamber of shadows.

"You sent for me, father?"

"Sit down."

She found and placed a chair at the desk, and obediently settled herself in it.

"Judith—tell me—what day is this?"

"My birthday. I am twenty-one."

"And your sister's birthday: Rose, too, is twenty-one."

"Yes."

"You could have forgotten that," the old man pursued almost mockingly. "Do you really dislike your twin-sister so intensely?"

The girl's voice trembled. "You know," she said, "we have nothing in common—beyond parentage and this abominable resemblance. Our natures differ as light from darkness."

"And which would you say was—light?"

"Hardly my own: I'm no hypocrite. Rose is everything that they tell me my mother was, while I—the girl smiled strangely—"I think—I am more your daughter than my mother's."

A nod of the white head confirmed the suggestion. "It is true. I have watched you closely, Judith, perhaps more closely than even you knew. Before I was brought to this—the wasted hand made a significant gesture—"I was a man of strong passions. Your mother never loved, but rather feared me. And Rose is the mirror of her mother's nature, gentle, unselfish, sympathetic. But you, Judith, you are like a second self to me."

An accent of profound satisfaction informed his voice. The girl waited in a silence that was tensely expectant.

"Then, if on this your birthday I were to ask a service of you that might injuriously affect the happiness of your sister—?"

The girl laughed briefly: "Only ask it!"

"And how far would you go to do my will?"

"Where would you stop in the service of one you loved?"

Seneca Trine nodded gravely. And after a brief pause, "Rose is in love," he announced.

"Oh, I know—I know!" the father affirmed with a faint ring of satisfaction. "I am old, a cripple, prisoner of this living tomb; but all things I should know—somehow—I come to know in course of time!"

"It's true—that Englishman she scraped an acquaintance with on the Riviera last year—what's his name?"

"Law, Alan Law."

"In the main," the father corrected mildly, "you are right. Only, he's not English. His father was Wellington Law, of Law & Son."

She knew better than to interrupt, but her seeming patience was belied by the whitening knuckles of a hand that lay within the little pool of blood-red light.

And presently the deep voice rolled on: "Law and I were once friends;

then—it came to pass that we loved one woman, your mother. I won her—all but her heart: too late she realized it was Law she loved. He never forgave me for it. Though he married another woman, still he held from me the love of my wife. I could not sleep for eating him—and he was no better off. Each sought the other's ruin; it came to be an open duel between us, in Wall street. One of us had to fall—and I held the stronger hand. The night before the day that was to have seen my triumph, I walked in Central park, as was my habit to tire my body so that my brain might sleep. Crossing the East drive I was struck by a motor-car running at high speed without lights. I was picked up insensible—and lived only to be what I am today. Law triumphed in the street while I lay helpless; only a living remnant of my fortune remained to me. Then his



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"Then I turned my attention to the son, but the distance was too great the difficulties insuperable. The Law millions mocked all my efforts; their alliance with the Rothschilds placed mother and son under the protection of every secret police in Europe. But they dared not come home. At length I realized I could win only by playing a waiting game. I needed three things: more money; to bring Alan Law back to America; and one agent I could trust, one incorruptible agent I could use to persecute mother and son, lulled them into a sense of false security, and by careful speculations repaired my fortunes. In Rose I had the lure to draw the boy back to America; in you, the one person I could trust."

"I sent Rose abroad and arranged that she should meet Law. They fell in love at sight. Then I wrote informing her that the man she had chosen was the son of him who had murdered all of me but my brain. It fell out as I foresaw. You can imagine the scene of passionate renunciation—pledges of undying constancy—the arrangement of a secret code whereby, when she needed him, she would send him a single rose—the birth of a great romance!"

The old man laughed sardonically. "Well, there is the history. Now the rose has been sent; Law is already homeward bound; my agents are watching his every step. The rest is in your hands."

The girl bent forward, breathing heavily, eyes aflame in a face that had assumed a waxen pallor.

"What is it you want of me?"

"Bring Alan Law to me. Dead or alive, bring him to me. But alive, if you can compass it; I wish to see him die. Then I, too, may die content."

The hand of hot-blooded youth stole forth and grasped the icy hand of death-in-life.

"I will bring him," Judith swore—"Dead or alive, you shall have him here."

(To be Continued.)

Mother's Bread

'NUF CED

CITY BAKERY

NO. 12 THIRD ST.

Clearfield,

Penn'a.

WASHINGTON PARTY COUNTY COMMITTEE

James Mitchell, member of state committee for Clearfield county.

Standing Committee.

Brislin borough—John D. Walker.

Burnside borough—Robert Burns.

Chester Hill borough—Edgar Shontz.

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Glen Hope borough—Jas. Bratton.

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Houtzdale borough—George Gano.

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Lumber City borough—S. C. Kirk.

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New Washington borough—Wm. Estricker.

Osceola borough—G. W. Mattern.

Ramey borough—B. P. Allgood.

Troutville borough—H. R. Lindsey.

Wallacetown borough—R. W. France.

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Beccaria, Utahville precinct—Jas. Cowen.

Bell, Southern precinct—Fred Albert.

Bell, Summit precinct—W. B. Stephenson.

Bigler township—James H. Minds.

Bloom township—Frank Fetzer.

Boggs, Stoneville precinct—George Stover.

Boggs, Blue Ball precinct—C. C. Gearhart.

Bradford, Jackson precinct—J. G. Maines.

Bradford, Bigler precinct—T. H. Stevens.

Bradford, Woodland precinct—J. M. Baker.

Brady, Helvetia precinct—Norman McGee.

Brady, Luthersburg precinct—J. H. Edinger.

Brady, Troutville precinct—A. Black.

Burnside township, East Ridge—W. J. Westover.

Burnside township, New Washington—Russell Rorobough.

Burnside township, Patchinville—F. E. Crossman.

Chest township—J. C. Cross.

Covington township—Celest Veriot.

Cooper, Kylertown precinct—H. G. Jones.

Cooper, Peale precinct—

Cooper, Cooper precinct—Andrew Brown.

Cooper, Winburne precinct—Chas. Johnson.

Decatur, Centre precinct—Robert Patterson.

Decatur, Graham precinct—John Fen-ton.

Decatur, Gearhartville precinct—Obadiah Long.

Decatur, Kephart precinct—William Krouse.

Ferguson township—E. E. Owens.

Givard township—William Kirkwood.

Goshen township—Warren Lingle.

Graham, Centre Hill precinct—Thos. Beveridge.

Graham, Graham precinct—J. G. Maines.

Greenwood township—David Patterson.

Gulich, Ginter precinct—Ed. Pette-son.

Gulich, Janesville precinct—John Harrington.

Huston, Huston precinct—Brady Overdorf.

Huston, Tyler precinct—Joe More-house.

Jordan township—Chas. Sawyer.

Karthaus, Cataract precinct—

Karthaus, Karthaus precinct—J. W. Reese.

Knox, Boardman precinct—Thos. French.

Knox, Carnwath precinct—John M. Fleck.

Knox, New Millport precinct—David Yocum.

Lawrence, Clearfield precinct—Thos. Hemphill.

Lawrence, Glen Richey precinct—Jas. Norman.

Lawrence, Hilledale precinct—G. G. Morris.

Morris, Ashcroft precinct—W. E. Johnson.

Morris, Allport precinct—William Denahar.

Morris, Morrisdale precinct—John Ball.

Morris, Munsons precinct—R. W. Williams.

Penn township—James D. Wall.

Pike, Curwensville precinct—Chas. Bailey.

Pike, Olanta precinct—C. F. Bowler.

Sandy, Falls Creek precinct—J. G. Weaver.

Sandy, Sabula precinct—Alex. Bandy.

Sandy, Clear Run precinct—

Sandy, Sandy precinct—F. M. Timlin.

Sandy, Oklahoma precinct—D. P. Christian.

Union township—Samuel Beers.

Woodward, Sanborn precinct—D. J. Kline.

Woodward, Sterling precinct—Samuel Rainesley.

Woodward, N. Houtzdale precinct—William Bloom.

Woodward, W. Houtzdale precinct—Joseph R. Partridge.

Oliver T. Ribbons.

Oliver Type Ribbons—the best on the market—may be had at the Clearfield Progress office. Any color of ribbon, price 60c. If by mail, remit 65c and ribbons will be forwarded promptly.

WORK WANTED—of any kind by clean-cut, energetic young man. Best of references. Call 304 on H. & C. Phone.

HAVE DARK HAIR AND LOOK YOUNG

Nobody can Tell when you Darken Gray, Faded Hair with Sage Tea.

Grandmother kept her hair beautifully darkened, glossy and abundant with a brew of Sage Tea and Sulphur. Whenever her hair fell out or took on that dull, faded or streaked appearance, this simple mixture was applied with wonderful effect. By asking at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy," you will get a large bottle of this old-time receipt, ready to use, for about 50 cents. This simple mixture can be depended upon to restore natural color and beauty to the hair and is splendid for dandruff, dry scalp and falling hair.

A well-known downtown druggist says everybody uses Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur, because it darkens so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied—It's so easy to use, too. You simply dampen a sponge or soft brush and draw it through your hair, taking one strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, it is restored to its natural color and looks glossy, soft and abundant.

Notice in Divorce.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Clearfield Co.

MARTHA E. HALL No. 114 September term, 1913.

vs. GEORGE W. HALL, Divorce.

Notice.

The undersigned commissioner appointed by the said court to take the testimony in the above stated case and report the same to the said court with proper decree, hereby gives notice that he will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in Clearfield on the 18th day of August, A. D. 1914, at ten o'clock A. M. of said day, at which time and place all parties interested can attend.

W. A. HAGERTY,
Commissioner.

TAXI?

CALL

Wallace Garage

PRICES RIGHT

H. & C. Phone

Third Street

The Very Best Flour That Money Can Buy
BIG LOAF

ORDER
A
CASE
TODAY



SAFETY FIRST

FOR DEPOSITORS OF

Clearfield National Bank

Total Assets, \$1,400,000.00

OFFICERS

James Mitchell, President.

H. S. Whiteman, Jr., V-Pres. and Cashier.

W. L. McJunkin, Assistant Cashier.

DIRECTORS

Singleton Beil W. I. Betts John Dimeling

W. P. Hopkins H. A. Kennedy

COL. ROOSEVETT TO MAIN FARMERS

(Continued from Page Four)

be taken up from this point of view. Instead of merely connecting towns and providing automobile routes, necessary though this also is, there should be a study of the whole state made for the purpose of making it accessible, and not only for the purpose of developing the resources of the land for the farmer himself, but also developing the resources offered by the forests, the streams and even the scenery. The present back road system is largely economic. Many old roads should be discontinued and new ones laid out on better grades and so placed as to make the farming lands more utilizable. The backroads should not be paved roads, but well laid out, well made, well kept earth roads to serve the people on the land. This is of the first importance to internal development, and it is a state far more than a county problem.

The Marketing Question.

In the same way, the marketing question, which is important to every person in the state, should be studied as a whole by a continuing body of experts, which should be to this field what the public service commissions are to their fields. We are surely coming to the regulation of marketing agencies by non-political commissions or other bodies that understand the question, and that have power derived from the people.

From all of this it will be seen that I believe that the general attitude of our party toward the farmer is more important than specific promises. We must, in good faith, so act that the farmer shall have confidence that his needs and problems are to receive serious study and attention and are to be worked out as they arise on the merits of the case and not as a means of political advantages. And they must be worked out under his lead, the rest of us co-operating with him to meet his need.

Appeal to Conscience.

We appeal to the conscience and common sense of the people. Ours is the party where words are made good by deeds. We represent the party of sane radicalism, the one party which fearlessly attacks evils and yet behaves with such judgment as not to damage the body politic while cutting out the evils from the body politic. Every wise business man, every hard-headed, right-thinking, farmer, every laboring man, and every wage-worker who thinks intelligently about the future should join with us. Our appeal is to the patriotic men whose hearts and heads are both sound.

Stand for Prosperity

We stand for prosperity, and yet we stand for a proper division of prosperity, for passing prosperity around. Of the two old machines one by its actions would destroy all prosperity, and the other, if prosperity were obtained, would divert it with enormous idleness.

We stand for healthy and successful industry, for profitable industry, for efficient work in every direction, and yet we stand for the democratization of industry just as we stand for the democratization of politics. We demand not only absolute honesty in the business and political world alike, but also that the activities of each be made subservient to the common good of all our people.

Caught at Altoona

B. F. McCann, a traveler, was arrested in Altoona Monday night and brought to the county jail on the charge of defrauding a hotel keeper in Clearfield of a hotel bill.

Accused of Taking Chickens

Harry Stover, of Madera, is in the county jail on the charge of stealing chickens, and will have a chance to tell all about it at the September session of criminal court.

FOR SALE—Densmore Typewriter No. 2, in good condition; very cheap. Phone No. 170x2. Call or write No. 207 Reed St., Clearfield. 1t

THE most brilliant writers in America—the artists whose cartoons and "comics" make the nation laugh—are working exclusively for

Puck

America's Cleverest Weekly

Everybody Loves Puck—Just for Fun

For 40 years this paper has retained its position as the best all-around humorous periodical in the country. It is better now than at any time in its career.

10 cents a copy Ask Your Newsdealer



WAR WILL LAST BUT 18 MONTHS, SAYS LORD KITCHENER

Lord Kitchener, the Newly Appointed War Minister of England

London, Aug. 18.—Eighteen months, in Lord Kitchener's opinion, will be the duration of the European conflict now in progress. He bases this opinion on the fact that each day of delay on the part of the Germans in pushing forward into France gives the Russian army of many millions that much more time to mobilize. When the Russian troops cross the German border, Lord Kitchener says, the war will be brought to an end quickly.

A. O. H. CONVENTION IS IN SESSION IN DUBOIS

Headed by James B. Sheehan, state president of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and Miss Catherine M. Grace, state president of the ladies' auxiliary to the A. O. H., 165 delegates, 110 men and sixty-five women left Broad Street station, Philadelphia this morning on special train for Dubois, where the state conventions of both organizations will be held, opening today and closing Friday night.

Delegates from Montgomery and Delaware counties left on their same train, and stops were made at Frazier, Coatsville, Harrisburg, Sunbury, Williamsport, Lock Haven and other points.

There will be 550 delegates in the A. O. H. convention, and 450 in that of the ladies' auxiliary.

State President Sheehan having served four years, will retire from the presidency. He and many other members of the Philadelphia delegation and delegates from other counties, are urging John O'Dea, national historian of the order and the county recording secretary of Philadelphia, for the state secretaryship.

Mrs. Mary A. Gallagher, Philadelphia county, president of the Ladies' Auxiliary, 2717 North Nineteenth st., is a candidate for state president to succeed Miss Grace of Frankford, who has served two terms and declines to be a candidate.

Clearfield will be represented by delegates from the local branch of the order, and other sections of the county will have members of the order present.

Removed the Scaffolding

The scaffolding which has stood in front of Leitzinger Brothers store for several months while workmen were building the addition to that structure was removed yesterday. The new store front presents a handsome appearance.

PRESIDENT OF C. C. L. A.

At the annual meeting of the Clearfield County Law association Monday Judge Bell was elected president and A. M. Liveright secretary and treasurer. W. C. Pentz, Allison O. Smith and A. H. Woodward were appointed a committee to draft a constitution and bylaws for the government of the association.

This association is one of the best conducted organizations of its kind in the state.

FOUND—Money, Richard Kennard Jr., Second street. 7 21 tf.

WHAT CAN BE DONE ON CLEARFIELD COUNTY FARM

James Mitchell, banker and farmer, is proud of the crops he raises on the Stone House farm. He has already threshed 400 bushels of wheat and expects to get 500 bushels more from that which has not yet been threshed. Pretty good for a Clearfield county farm, that, and still there are people who allow themselves to be lured away from the best soil in the state.

The Very Best Flour That Money Can Buy BIG LOAF

When You Want Wall Paper

You do not go to a blacksmith shop, neither do you go to a wall paper store to have your horse shod. When you want the best of any thing at the lowest prices, you go to a store that makes a specialty of the lines it handles.

Ours Is a Hardware Store. We Specialize On Builders Hardware

We carry most everything in the line needed for a new building from foundation to roof. If you are thinking of building or repairing you will do well to see our stock and get our prices. A telephone call will bring a man to your door to go over the matter with you.

Telephone Orders Receive Attention

Clearfield Hardware Company

Market Street

Clearfield, Pa.

CLASSIFIED WANTS

Rate—One cent per word each insertion. Minimum charge Ten Cents. Positions Wanted Free. No charge will be made to persons desiring positions. Phone Your Want-Ads.

Persons wishing to hire autos for any occasion can call Lawrence C. Barrett, Dimeling hotel or residence 434 Spruce street. H. & C. Phone. Prices reasonable. 7 27 tf.

FOR SALE—A good driving horse, age eleven years. Wm. Wisor, Clearfield, R. 5. 8 13 3t.

WANTED—Man and wife, man for general housework, and wife must be good cook. Good wages and house furnished. X. Y. Z. care Progress. 8 15 tf.

FOR SALE—Oliver typewriter, model 5, first class condition. Will sell very cheap. Address "E", care Progress. 8 11 tf.

NEW SHOE SHOP—has been opened on 4th street, next to Torrence Marble shops. Good work.

WANTED—A few bright girls to learn velvet weaving. Clearfield Textile Co. 8 14 1w.

Band concert at the Driving park Sunday afternoon, beginning at 4 P. M. Admission 10 cents.

WANTED—Girl for general housework. Wages \$5.00. No washing. H. & C. Telephone 211-X.

Progress ads bring results

HUSTLING Man or woman under 50. Fraternal insurance. Protected territory. Big money. Write quick. I-L-U 2470, Covington, Ky. 8 10, 13

CHILD NURSE—At liberty for engagement in private family—call M. & C. phone 368X. 7 21 t

LOST—A little girl's Hudson bicycle. If found, return to D. W. Anderson and there will be a reward given. 8-17-2t

WANTED—Girl with business ability, who can play piano. Good position for right part. Address K, care of Progress.

FOR SALE—Pony, gentle; good condition. Price reasonable. Call at residence of Judge Singleton Bell.

WANTED—Dining room girl at the Witmer Inn. 8 8 1w.

FOR SALE—One Welchans elevator, capacity one ton. Lauderdale & Barber. 8 10 10t.

FOR SALE—Full blooded Scotch collie dog. O. B. Porter, Clearfield.

FOR RENT—Two lodge rooms corner Market and Second streets. Now occupied by the L. O. O. M. Possession about 1st Sept. 8 12 3w. S. I. SNYDER.

Wingold
PATENT FLOUR

Finest in the World
Makes More and Better Bread than other Flour

F. A. WALKER, DISTRIBUTOR
CLEARFIELD, PA.

**NATURAL MEAL
BREAD**

Has that
RICH, NUTTY FLAVOR.

More Appetizing, More Wholesome
More Nutritious

Made by
P. R. SPACKMAN
BAKER

West Side, Clearfield, Pa.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

Building Two Fire Company Houses

Sealed Proposals will be received by the Town Council of Clearfield Borough, until 8:00 o'clock, P. M. Wednesday, August 19th, 1914, for the erection of **A Fire Company House On Daisy Street, Fourth Ward, and A Fire Company House On Witmer Street, Second Ward.**

Plans, form of Specifications, Proposal Sheets, etc., can be seen and obtained at the Office of the Borough Engineer, Kratzer Building.

Proposals must be accompanied by a certified check for \$50.00 as a guarantee of good faith. Checks will be returned upon the award of a contract, or the rejection of a proposal.

Bidder to whom award of contract is made will be required to execute a corporate bond for the satisfactory completion of the work, in a sum equal to the amount of the bid.

The Council Reserves The Right To Reject Any Or All Bids.

By order of the Council,
Frederick B. Kerr,
President.

Attest:—
J. D. Connelly, Secretary.

Dated August 6th, 1914.

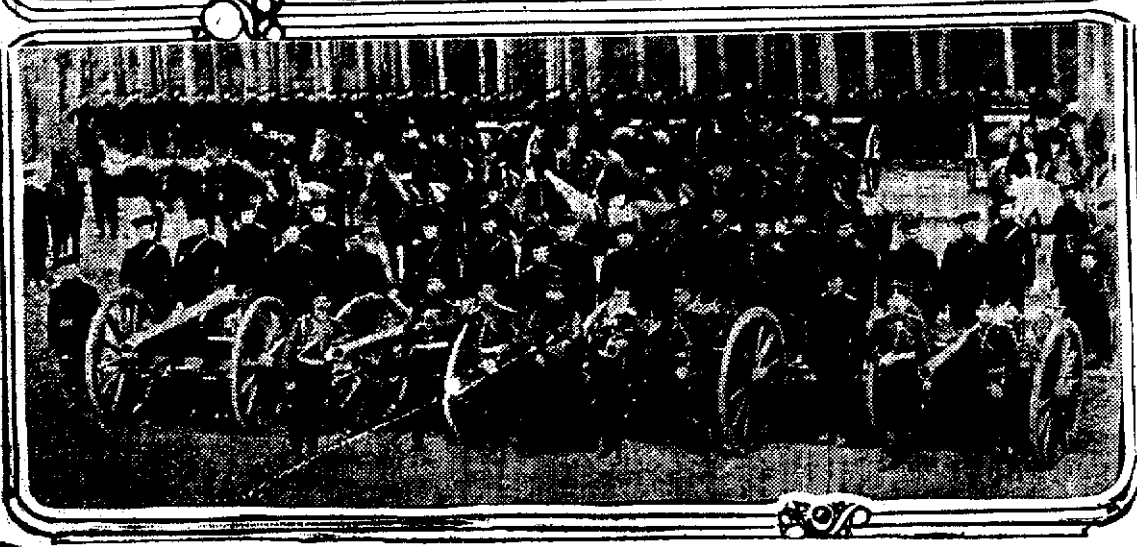
THE CLEARFIELD PROGRESS

Volume VIII

CLEARFIELD, PENNSYLVANIA, TUESDAY EVENING, AUGUST 18, 1914

Number 206

BELGIANS WILL FIGHT TO THE DEATH



MEN WHO MAKE KAISER'S DELAY ON WAY TO PARIS

Two Groups of the Picturesque Russian Artillery, the Fiercest and Cruellest Fighting Men in the World.

Paris, Aug. 18.—The unexpected delay with which the kaiser's forces have met at Liege and Namur makes victory for the Germans over the powers of the Triple Entente almost an impossibility. It had been the plan of the German military authorities to rush their troops through Belgium's neutral territory, without resistance, and into France. Every day that she has been delayed has not only lost her over 1,000 men, but it has given the Russian army that much longer to mobilize. Each day of delay carries Germany away from possible victory. She had planned first to cope with France, then with England and to be ready with all her forces to meet Russia when the Russian advance started.

COL. ROOSEVELT TALKS TO FARMERS OF MAINE

Urges Tillers of the Soil to Join the Progressive Party and Receive Recognition

PROMISES THEM MANY NEEDED REFORMS

A Full Explanation of the aims and Purposes of the Progressive Party and Discussion of the Issue in Which the Farmer of the Entire Country Are Interested Given by the Great Leader at a Mass Meeting Held at Lewistown in the Pine Tree State—Both Old Political Parties Insincere.

(By International News Service.)
Lewistown, Me., Aug. 18.—Theodore Roosevelt made a strong appeal to the Maine farmers to join the Progressive party in a speech here today before an audience drawn from many parts of Maine.

He described the Democratic and Republican tariff ideas as two extremes, neither of which would give the farmer what he wanted. The Progressives would take a sane middle course.

Mr. Roosevelt promised the farmers a tariff made according to the findings of a scientific commission so as to actually lower the cost of living; control of monopolies of such kind that farmer co-operation would not be hampered; an administrative body to tell business men in advance what

they can and cannot do, and a government which should not be a "busy-body" but should help all who not only needed but desired assistance. The Progressives would abolish the uneconomic features of back roads and assure the farmers proper transportation and marketing of their crops.

Roosevelt's Speech.
The speech in full follows:
Men and Women of Maine:
Recollect how simple the program of the Progressive party really is. We believe that in this country nowadays there is a call for some sort of political organization of just every day common decency. The trouble is a callous moral sense on one side, and a hysteria and insincerity on the other.
(Continued on Page Four)

German Crown Prince Is Mortally Wounded

(By International News Service.)
The Hague, Aug. 18.—It is reported here that the German crown prince has been fatally wounded and is dying. Emperor William is hurrying on his way to the bedside of his son.

Telegraphic Weather Report.

Unsettled tonight and Wednesday; probably occasional showers; cooler in north portion tonight and Wednesday.

English and Germans in Skirmishes

(By International News Service.)
London, Aug. 18.—A dispatch from Accra, the capital of the British Gold Coast, Africa, recites that the British and Germans are skirmishing in Togoland, the English capturing two trains and taking a number of prisoners.

HYDE CITY SCENE OF FIERCE FIGHT BETWEEN BROTHERS

There was a call from Hyde City Monday night, asking that officers of the law proceed to that section at once, as a small riot was in progress. Sheriff McCloskey, Chief of Police McHenry and Deputy Sheriff Chaplain got into a motor car and went to the steel town, where they found two brothers, John and Steve Haversack, in what appeared to be a deadly fight.

The two brothers were drunk and began a quarrel, which was only ended when the officers appeared on the scene. It was found that Steve had been hit on the head with a beer bottle by John and an ugly scalp wound inflicted. He was bleeding like a stuck pig. John was badly bruised about the body.

Both men were taken to the county jail. Two witnesses of the affray were also brought to town, but were released.

Improved in Health.
E. L. Orr and two sons, Clyde and Max returned home last evening from a ten days' trip in Totter, New York. Mr. Orr has been in ill health but came back some benefited by the trip. While there the boys caught some fine specimens of fish and brought some home to their friends.

DESPERATE ATTACK ON BRUSSELS BY GERMANS HOURLY EXPECTED

HARRY THON, JR., IS OUT ON PAROLE

He Had Served Six Months of Sentence Imposed by Court

PLEAD GUILTY OF MANSLAUGHTER

Thon Shot and Killed Dominic Remedios at Smithville After Remedios Had Stabbed Thon's Brother to Death in a Fight—James Merritt Released on His Own Recognizance.

Harry Thon, Jr., who at the February term of court, after witnesses had been heard in the case in which he was charged with the murder of Dominic Remedios, plead guilty of voluntary manslaughter and was sentenced to the county jail for a period of eleven months, was today released from prison on his parole.

Thon would have had a little over five months to serve, if he had been kept in jail the full term.

Thon was charged with shooting and killing Remedios after the latter had stabbed to death brother of Thon's at Smithville. It is believed that Thon was told that if he denied the crime he would escape a first degree murder verdict. Those conversant with the case aver that if Thon had told the court that he shot Remedios because the latter had killed his (Thon's) brother the jury would have acquitted him, as the law would not have punished a prisoner who had acted on the spur of the moment as the avenger of his brother.

Thon had been a model prisoner, and Judge Bell's action will be approved by the general public.

Merritt Asks Release on Bail.
James Merritt, who is in jail charged with having set fire to his restaurant at Woodland on July 18, causing the destruction of nearly twenty buildings in that town, was before Judge Bell this morning on a writ of habeas corpus. Merritt's attorneys sought to have the defendant released on bail.

After hearing a number of witnesses from Woodland, Judge Bell placed Merritt under \$500 bail in his own recognizance for his appearance at court. It is probable that this case will be dismissed by the grand jury unless the prosecution produces more evidence of guilt than has thus far been brought forward.

FOURTH WARD FIREMEN RETURN THEIR THANKS

The members of the Fourth ward fire company wish to return thanks to the Fifth regiment band for furnishing music for their festival last week; to Shneider for the acetylene light provided; to the Frederick Piano company for the use of a Victrola, and to the public in general for the liberal patronage given the festival.

FOUR DUBOIS MEN ARE CHARGED WITH RIOTING

Four Dubois citizens sit in their prison cells today ruminating upon the misfortunes which overtake the man who fails to walk in the paths of peace. Steve Letto, Roman Rodduflek, George Marconis and Martin Cammeri were brought over the mountain yesterday, charged with indulging in a riot at Dubois.

The quartet did no serious damage but as they lacerated the peace of the borough they were incarcerated and will appear later before Judge Bell.

Your best salesman—Progress wanted.

600,000 of Kaiser's Troops Sweeping Towards the River Meuse

PREPARATIONS FOR GREAT BATTLE GOING ON

German Cavalry are Near Brussels, from Which the Belgian Seat of Government Has Moved to Antwerp—First Real Fight of the War Will Take Place on Belgian Soil—German Chancellor Claims His Country Has Already Won Many Victories—French Suffer Heavy Losses in the Fight at Namur and Dinant—But Succeed in Driving the Germans Back.

(By International News Service.)
London, Aug. 18.—The Telegraph's correspondent wires from Namur, Belgium:

"Six hundred thousand Germans are sweeping on toward the river Meuse." Preliminary for a great battle along the entire line are beginning. Many aeroplanes in action, dropping bombs.

There is little now doubt that the first real fight of the war is about to take place on Belgian soil.

GERMANS ARE INTRENCHED

A dispatch from Brussels says that the Germans are taking up entrenched positions and preparing for a strenuous conflict.

Claims to Have Taken Liege

A Dispatch newspaper man at the front informed his paper that the Germans are pouring an unbelievable horde of men, horses and guns into Belgium and placing them along the entire line between Luxembourg and the northern limits of Belgium. He quotes a German officer as saying: "We took Liege in a week and thought it would take us three months. We can afford to lose a million men, but the allies cannot afford to lose thousands. We will take Strasbourg. Many guns have been captured with the greatest ease from the vanquished artillery of France."

Germans Near Antwerp

Antwerp, Aug. 18.—German cavalry were sighted today north of here. Civil guard has been ordered on a war footing to assist the garrison to defend.

Claims Germany is Winning

Rotterdam, Aug. 18.—The "Korrespondenz Norden" publishes an interview by Bjorne, in which he quotes the German chancellor, Bethmann-Hollweg as saying that Germany has already won great successes in the field, notwithstanding the German mobilization is not complete.

Helmuth Lives in Terror

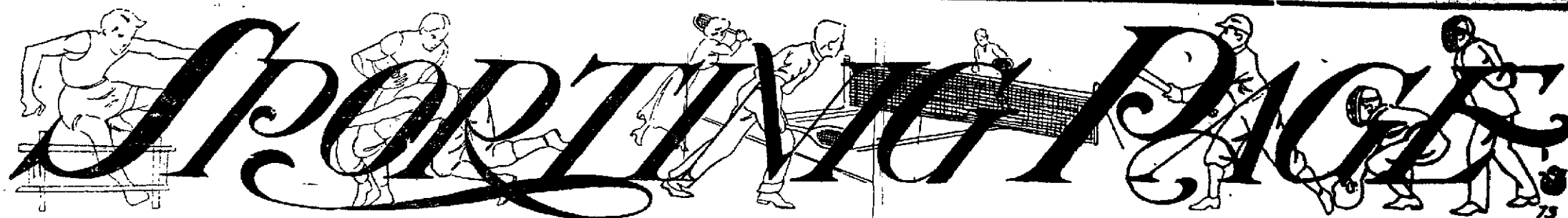
Brussels, Aug. 18.—Underground news of German advance has thrown the entire city into a brainstorm of fear and terror. Evidently intending to allay the public mind the war office issued the following bulletin at noon: "German incursion toward Brussels seems to have been stopped. The situation remains excellent for our army."

Germans Have Halted

Paris, Aug. 18.—A Brussels dispatch states the Germans have halted their advance pending the disposition of the request that Belgium permit them to pass through unopposed. The Belgians rejected the proposition.

Detectives on Trail of the Homestead Robbers

(By International News Service.)
Pittsburgh, Aug. 18.—Detectives and police officers are on the chase after two men who robbed the Homestead National Bank of \$2,000.00 yesterday. It is believed the robbers are heading for Cameron, W. Va. Burns detectives took up the trail at Prosperity, Pa., this morning.



"IN THE DAYS OF OLD" A FINE JUVENILE PLAY

BY FRANK G MENKE

(By International News Service)

New York, Aug. 18.—Have you noticed that the element which used to insist that "the National league race is fixed so that the Giants will win" have become strangely silent during the last two weeks?

The Giants may win this year and give that crowd a chance to yell, "I told you so," but if the Giants do win they'll do it only after one of the bitterest fights in the history of the National league. It's a toss-up just now as to which of the first division four—Giants, Braves, Cards and Cubs—will clutch the bunting.

The Braves have come along since mid-July like a streak of lightning. They literally have zipped through the league and torn to shreds nearly everything that stood in their way. They have played better baseball over a month's stretch than has been seen in the Major leagues for many years.

The Cards still are hugging close onto the heels of the leaders and the Cubs haven't gone into the terrible decline that was predicted by many of the "wise" ones. With this trio to battle against, with this trio to watch and worry about, the Giants have a mighty task before them in their efforts to do what no team in modern baseball has done so far—winning the pennant for four years in a row.

The Giants must look to their pitchers from now on to carry them through. The club, as a whole, isn't hitting—except in streaks. Some days it makes enough hits and runs to win a half dozen ordinary games, but for a spell of a week or so it has a mighty job averaging two runs and four hits to a game.

Chief Meyers, the erstwhile slugger, has been benched because of weak clubbing. Larry Doyle pounds out three or four hits sometimes—and goes hitless for the next three or four. The Giants aren't hitting in pinches just now, and are losing games for the lack of a timely punch.

Nor are they fielding or running bases up to their old standard. The team is in a slump—and a bad one.

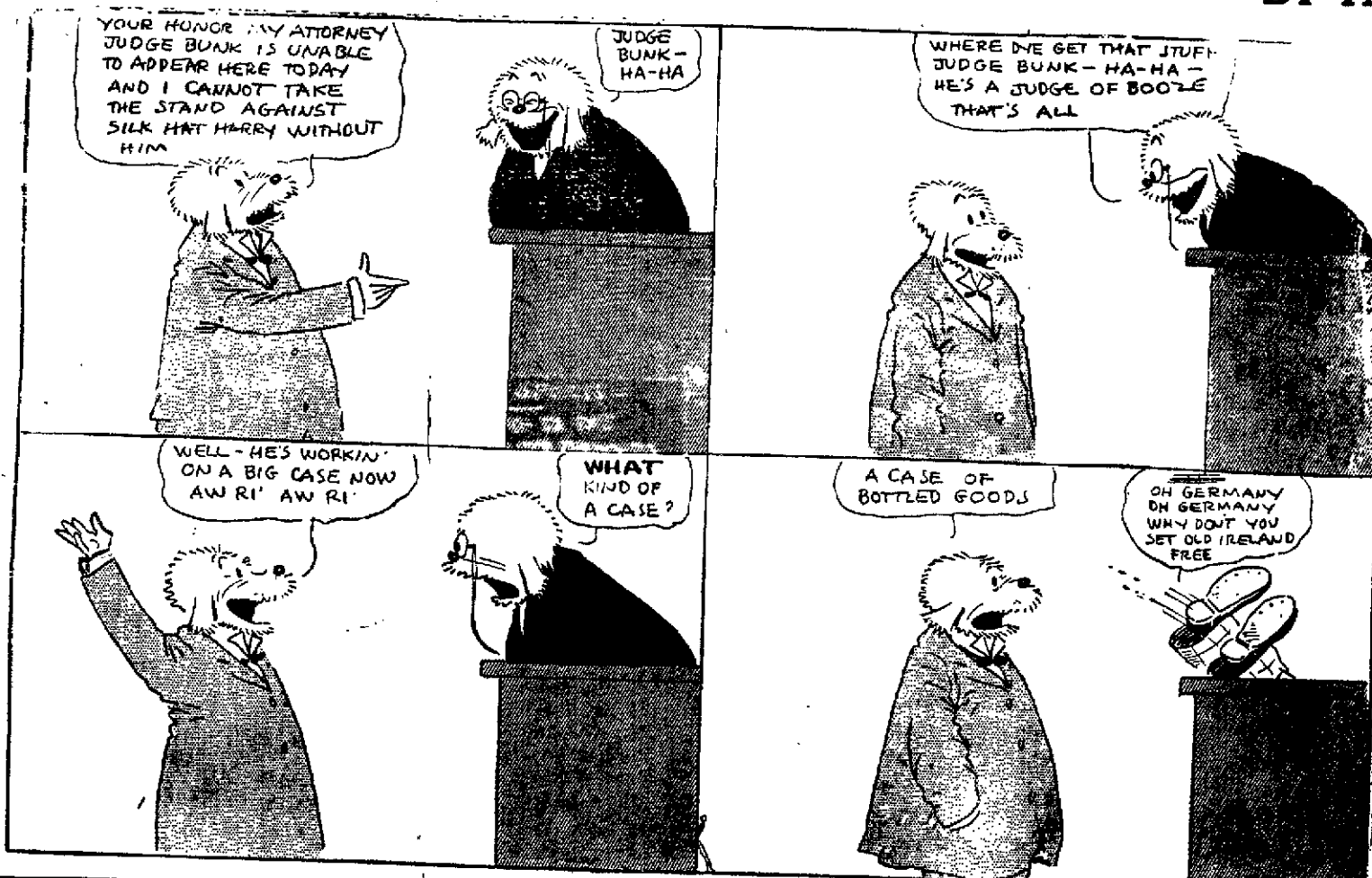
It's up to Matty, Tesreau, Marquand and Demaree to keep the champions around the top. Demaree hasn't delivered this year. Marquand is pitching in-and-out ball—a great game one day and an eccentric one the next. Tesreau has been pitching fine ball, Matty has pitched better baseball than at any time in his long career. This pair has carried the brunt of the Giants' fight. But how long can they keep it up?

If they can last out for another month it may be sufficient time for Marquand and Demaree to "come through." But, at the rate they have been traveling, that month may use them up. They may pitch themselves out—and then McGraw will have to depend on pitchers in whom he has no confidence—and in whom the players have but little real confidence this year.

If you were to ask Manager George Stallings, of the Braves, what it was that lifted his club from the bottom

SILK HAT HARRY'S DIVORCE SUIT

BY TAD



almost to the top in less than a month he probably would tell you it was good pitching, good fielding and good abtting. And he might tell you it was a charm that was given to him on July 19th. Stallings is superstitious and he thinks that a luck coin has a lot to do with the uplift of Braves.

Knowing of Stallings' superstitious beliefs, Captain Rice, retired army officer, gave a Spanish coin to the Boston manager. It was an ancient piece that was found in a little bag around the neck of a rebel soldier in Hayti who had been killed in one of the skirmishes down there. The rebel was a member of voodoo organization and was regarded as one of its little spell casters.

Rice gave the coin to Stallings and on the very day he did the Braves won the game that lifted them out of the cellar for the first time since the season opened. Stallings is sure that the lucky piece has a lot to do with what the Braves have been able to do since then.

The Hospital Bridge Whist club will meet at the residence of Mrs. A. M. Liveright Thursday, August 20, at 2 o'clock sharp. Please notify the hostess if you shall be present. Secy.



(Copyright, by McClure Syndicate.)

Baseball

Yesterday's Results

National League.

New York, 7; Pittsburgh, 3.
Pitchers—Tesreau and Harmon.
Brooklyn, 6; Chicago, 3.
Pitchers—Allen and Lavender.
First game.
Boston, 11; Cincinnati, 1.
Pitchers—Rudolph and Beaton.
Second game.
Boston, 5; Cincinnati, 3.
Pitchers—James and Schneider.
Philadelphia, 1; St. Louis, 4.
Pitchers—Mayer and Percua.

American League.

Cleveland, 9; Philadelphia, 5.
Pitchers—Coulme and Dush.
First game.
Washington, 1; New York, 0.
Pitchers—Ayers and Warhop.
Second game.
Washington, 3; New York, 4.
Pitchers—Johnson and Fisher.

Federal League.

Pittsburg, 7; Indianapolis, 8.
Pitchers—Knetzer and Moseley.
Brooklyn, 4; Kansas City, 1.
Pitchers—Lafitte and Adams.

SHIPS OF WAR CAN PASS THROUGH PANAMA CANAL

Washington, Aug. 18.—With the passage through the Panama canal Saturday of liner Ancon, the great waterway becomes, "free and open to the vessels of commerce and of war of all nations on terms of entire equality," in accordance with the provisions of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty.

Vessels drawing not more than thirty feet of water may now make

the passage. It would be possible to put some of the big American dreadnaughts through at any time.

Any of the foreign warships now in the Atlantic and Pacific waters could also make the trip, but the naval plans of the European powers which have vessels of both coasts of the United States are not known here.

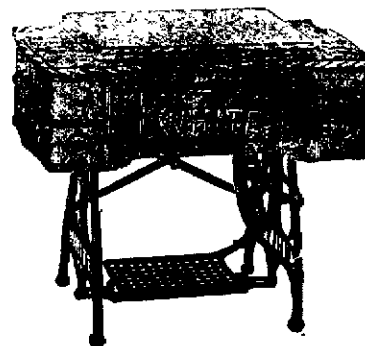
No embarrassment will face the United States should one of the vessels of the belligerents seek passage. Strict rules are laid down in the treaty for the perpetual neutralization of the canal and every detail will be under the direction of Governor Gethals and his staff. Except in cases of absolute necessity vessels of belligerents must make uninterrupted passage through the canal. They may not coal, re victual or embark or disembark troops in the canal zone and these provisions

also apply to the terminal waters at both ends of the canal, within a limit of three miles.

NATURALIZED CITIZENS NEED NOT RETURN TO EUROPE

In answer to many appeals for information from naturalized citizens and foreign residents as to conditions under which they may be returned to their native lands for military service, Secretary Bryan Saturday issued a statement saying the United States was not a party to any treaties under which such persons might be compelled to return for military service and that there was no way in which they might be forced to join the armies so long as they remain in the United States.

Polish Your Sewing Machine WITH SHEEDER'S Sunlight Patent Polish



Sheeder's Music Store

Second Street

Clearfield, Pa.



The Victrola lets every one dance

It plays itself and gives every one a chance to dance—and every one wants to dance to such splendid dance music.

The Maxixe, One-Step, Hesitation—all the newest dances—are yours to enjoy at any time on the Victrola.

We'll gladly play any dance music you wish to hear—stop in any time. And we'll explain how you can easily have a Victrola in your home—\$15 to \$200.



W. F. Frederick Piano Co.
E. E. SMITH, Mgr.

JACOBSON'S

Furniture, Rugs,
Stoves and
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POPULAR
PRICES

—AT—
JACOBSON'S
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Imported Swiss Cheese.
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Pineapple Cheese.
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Cafe Cheese.
Pimento Cheese.
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Roquefort Cheese.
Long Horn Cheese.
Oh! yes, Limberger Cheese in 1-lb bricks.

R. C. Shaw Grocery Co.

Mobilubricant

For Grease Cups, Steering Gears,
Differential, Transmission, etc.
Put up in one-pound cans with force
feed.

No Dirt. No Trouble. No Waste
Easy to Carry and Nice to Handle

25c per can

RUBBERSTONE

The Original Healing Treatment For Automobile
Tires. It Heals Punctures Instantly
and Effectively.

Prices: For a Tire up to 32x3 1-2 \$1.25 each. For a Tire 32x4 up to
and including a 35x4 1-2 \$1.50 each. Larger Tires \$3.00 each.

Our Repair Department is Complete

Texaco

A High-Grade Automobile Oil.
60c

For a One-Gallon Can

This is a special Introductory Price,
as the Oil alone sells at 60c
in barrel lots

The can is square and has a detach-
able spout—it is a 25c article,
all for 60c.

Oppo. Witmer Inn

HARDER'S GUN WORKS

Clearfield, Penn'a.

AN IRRESISTIBLE PAIR

Louis Joseph Vance and Mary Roberts Rhinehart

¶ This pair of authors are of the best in the field today, and a story from the pen of either is always a sure-fire hit, and to show the readers that the "Down-to-the Minute" newspaper is always ready to give them the best there is, a story from each of these popular writers is to be run in

THE CLEARFIELD PROGRESS

Commencing This Evening, August 18th, 1914



THE CASE OF JENNIE BRICE

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART



Was Jennie Brice murdered? If so, who killed her?
What did "Horn" mean? Also, strange mark on the body?

Read our new serial and solve these mysteries

The Trey O' Hearts

If you've got a drop of red blood in your veins— if your heart beats one bit faster to the tune of romance—adventure—love and mystery—then you've something in store so far ahead of anything you've ever seen that you will never forget.

The Pictures The Universal Film Manufacturing Co., pronounced THE TREY O' HEARTS the best action story for film purposes they had seen in three years. They backed up their judgment by putting the punch and \$200,000 cash into a set of pictures that are more than remarkable—they're simply extraordinary.

Won't Cost You One Red Penny You attend the movies—regularly. Instead of an ordinary film, you'll see graphically pictured by the best emotional actors and actresses in America—THE TREY O' HEARTS—a pace maker in pictures. So it won't cost you a nickel more to see it.

Mental Back Somersaults No matter how clever, you can't fathom the plot of THE TREY O' HEARTS one inch ahead of the scene you're viewing. It keeps you turning mental back somersaults all the way.

Full Reel Action in Every Foot The Universal Film Manufacturing Co., who are producing these films tell us that there is more action in every foot of THE TREY O' HEARTS than in a full reel of the ordinary scenario. And they should know. Thousands of scenarios go through their hands every year and they're investing \$200,000 in putting THE TREY O' HEARTS on the screen. That's backing judgment. And their success in the moving picture business tells whether or not they know a good thing when they see it.

¶ "THE CASE OF JENNIE BRICE" will be run in a liberal installment each day, and "THE TREY O' HEARTS" will appear on every Monday and Wednesday—Three full columns on each of these two days, and will also be run in pictures at the NEW OPERA HOUSE.

READ THE STORY !

SEE THE PICTURES !

¶ Be sure to get the first installments of these two Blue Ribbon Stories in This Evening's issue, and then don't miss a chapter after that, for they're both positively the biggest hits in the serial story line.

¶ Tell Your Friends So They Can Start THE PROGRESS This Evening If They Are Not Already on Our Subscription List !

THE CLEARFIELD PROGRESS

THE CLEARFIELD PROGRESS

Published every day except Sunday by the Progressive Publishing Company, Opera House Building, Clearfield, Pennsylvania.

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Washington State Ticket

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Washington District Ticket

Congress—21 District
Guy B. Mayo, McKean county
Senator—24 District
Alonso S. Moulthrop, Clearfield

Washington County Ticket

For Legislature
Earl G. Boone, Brady township
Edward Lippert, Lawrence township
Albertus G. Woodward, Crowsville.

Tuesday, August 18, 1914.

GOOD EVENING! Certainly you are now glad that you did not take that trip to Europe.

And then there is the girl who put the sigh in society.

Most of the Clearfield contingent who were "on their vacations" are convalescing, thank you.

However there are some Americans who will think twice before they cross the briny deep again.

If we were a European power we also would be ashamed of having started the world's greatest war.

Of course there is a woman at the bottom of the war in Europe. At least the French and Germans are fighting about Nancy.

An exchange thinks the art of conversation is disappearing. Has the editor of that paper ever attended a country club dinner?

"Big battles" seem to be imminent, but the war correspondents have fought at least a score of big battles since Austria declared war.

"First Big Battle Hourly Expected," is the announcement of the news

gatherers. But it won't be fought until the moving picture people arrive on the scene of action.

Gifford Pinchot realized at last that it is not good for man to live alone, and he has married a young lady who will grace Washington society when her husband takes his place among the law makers at the national capital.

Now that the reservists of European nations in this country have discovered that they cannot be compelled to return home to be killed in the war demands for tickets to Europe by that class of citizens has fallen off.

Every community should call down execrations upon the heads of the wholesale dealers who increase the prices of foodstuffs without rhyme or reason. And the people should use some strong word, in denouncing the retail dealers who, when the wholesalers add a penny to the price of an article of food, increase the price by five or six cents.

JAPAN'S POSITION

Japan is said to be about to declare war against Germany, but the report does not bring that joy which follows the declaration of war by almost any other nation. Japan's activities in a war would, presumably, be confined to the Pacific. There are several nations which have possessions in the Pacific which would prefer to have Japan do her fighting elsewhere. The United States for one would not like to see Japan make herself too active in the Pacific; neither would Australia nor Canada.

There is going to be some valuable spoils distributed among the victors in the European war. If Japan joins in the melee she will expect to get a share of the spoils. What more natural than that she would ask for something which it would be embarrassing for England to give or which would seriously interfere with the policy of the United States? And if Japan joins the white people in this war what will become of the cry against the "yellow peril"? Because of these things it is hoped that Japan will remain near home if she goes to war.

GERMAN WAR NEWS

Germans in the United States wonder why the news of the war is almost

entirely confined to reports of French and Belgian victories or reported victories. The reason is plain, Germany has put up such a severe censorship on news from Berlin that it is impossible for the news agencies to discover what the Germans are doing or what they may do in the future. It is because the other powers are less strict in regard to giving out war news that so much is being printed about them and so little about German movements.

It is not at all to be supposed that while the Belgians are killing many Germans at Liege and other places the Germans are not doing their share of slaughtering. Nor is it probable that the French, in winning victories in the Vosges mountains, are not themselves suffering severe reverses. If German news centers were to give war correspondents facts upon which to base reports of the activities of the German armies the newspapers of the United States would only be too glad to fill their columns with the news.

MOBILIZATION

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Oh, the kings of earth have mobilized their men.

See them moving valor proving,
To the fields of glory going,
Banners waving, bugles blowing.
Every one a mother's son,
Brave in uniform and in song,
Keeping step with easy swing;
Yes, with easy step and light,
Marching onward to the fight,
Just to please the warlike fancy of a king.

Who has mobilized his army for the strife
Oh, the king of death has mobilized his men.

See the hearsees, huge and black,
How they rumble down the track
With their coffins filled with dead,
Filled with men who fought and bled,
Now from fields of glory coming
To the sound of muffled drumming
They are lying still and white,
But the kings have had their fight;
Death has mobilized his army for the grave.

COL. ROOSEVELT TO MAINE FARMERS

(Continued from Page One)

other. If we can only get the rubbish off the souls of the weary plain citizens, there will be a tidal wave in our favor. It is the stay-at-home who really defeat us. As soon as we can get him heartened, as soon as we can get him to understand that this government is his if he chooses to take possession of it, that the bosses and machines will be like dust in a windy street if once he makes up his mind to turn them out, then he will show men who have profited by business and political corruption that there is a God in Israel. Neither of the old party organizations has any idea what it is doing, and neither of them has really any principle at all.

Old Parties Insincere.

In consequence, both the old party

organizations are thoroughly insincere and hypocritical, and I wish above all things else to call the attention of the plain, decent rank and file of the two old parties to the fact that no permanent good comes from retainings in power organizations which seek to win elections by announcement of devotion to policies which they adroitly abandon after election. Even if their change in such a case is toward the right, it is only doing right because it is expedient and not from motives of principle, and that they cannot be trusted when a new issue comes up; and new issues are always coming up.

Honest Men Needed in Office.

What we need in public office is honest men with courage and common sense who are honestly right on the issues that are up, and who, therefore, can be trusted to be right on the issues that are not up at the moment, but that may at any moment arise. In a public man's term of office, it often happens that the most important questions he has to face are on matters that arise after he has been elected. If he is not a straight man, a sincere man, then even though as a matter of policy he has declared himself right on one issue, he may go crooked on another issue.

Progressives Deceived

Two years ago a good many honest people honest Progressives were deceived by a group of gentlemen like Mr. Barnes and Mr. Peters because these gentlemen assured the voters that they were really Progressives and would stand for Progressive policies. But, as a matter of fact, in consequence they have stood absolutely with the Bourbon reactionaries of the stamp of Mr. Gallinger and the other men who, two years ago took part in the theft from the rank and file of the Republican party of its right to make its own platform and declare for its own policies. The Republican party organization—as Bourbon and reactionary now as it was then. If anything, it is worse.

Little Hope in Democracy

There is equally little hope in the Democratic party organization. Two years ago in their platform and on the stump, their representatives announced that they would reduce the tariff and thereby lower the cost of living and solve the trust question. They have reduced the tariff. The only effect this had upon the trust question was to weaken the smaller competitors of the trusts in the industries affected by the trusts. It did not reduce the cost of living, but it did reduce the capacity of the average man to earn a living. Their promises were absolutely falsified; and their action has been an important contributory cause to business anxiety and depression.

As to The Tariff.

As regards the tariff, remember that the Payne-Aldrich bill was a vicious bill on the one side, just as the present bill is a vicious bill on the other side. The two bills were made under exactly the same methods and just so long as these methods are continued, just so long violent reaction one way will be followed by violent reaction the other way. If you put

in power the Republican organization, under the lead of Messrs. Penrose, Barnes, Gallinger and the others whose hold upon it is as yet unshaken, you will insure another violent reaction, the swing of the pendulum alternating from one unhealthy extreme to the other unhealthy extreme.

One Chance For The People

The one chance of accomplishing results worth having is to adopt the Progressive platform as regards the tariff, the trusts, as regards both business and labor. A tariff commission of non-partisan experts, if as efficiently handled as the German tariff commission, will do for this country what the German tariff commission through decades has done for Germany. We are not asking you to try experiments, we are asking you to go into a plain business proposition which has proved its excellence.

How to Handle The Trusts

In the same way the trusts can be handled only along the lines we championed. It is utterly hopeless to try to do away with combinations in the business world, just as it is hopeless and mischievous to try to do away with combinations in the labor world, just as we ought to encourage combinations in the labor world, just as we ought to encourage combination and cooperation among the farmers. There must be business combinations. The efforts to stop them all cannot be successful and can only result in mischief. What is needed is control of these corporations, thorough-going and far-reaching control, a control that can only come through the action of the national government. This control should not be attempted under the guise of lawsuits undertaken to punish people for what has already been done. It should be obtained through continuing supervisory control exercised by an administrative body. This administrative body should, in advance, tell honest business men what they cannot and what they can do. It should exercise such control over the inception of business as to put a stop at the beginning to the mischievous activities of business that is no honest.

Needs of the Wage Earner.

The Progressive party far more than any other political organization, has concerned itself with the needs of the wage-worker. We believe in the unions; but we demand the same good conduct from the union as from the corporation. We believe in the wage-worker's right of organization and of collective bargaining. He stands for justice to the plain, decent American who works for wages just as we stand for the plain decent American who runs a business or tills a farm. Whether a man works in a lumber camp, or a factory, or sails on a fishing schooner or stands behind a counter, or is head of a bank or a railroad, we wish to secure him fair play; we wish to give him a square deal, and to have him give his fellow-citizen also a square deal.

Helping the Farmer.

One of the men whom it is most desirable and at the most difficult to help, is the farmer. Now in all our country there is not a more typical American than the man in the country districts of the United States who lives on the soil. He does not want any

special favors. Above all, he does not want to be patronized for the purpose of keeping him still or getting his vote. What he wants is full justice for himself and his occupation. He has relatively few spokesmen in legislatures. He does not wish more than his share, but he does wish his full share of the common good, coming to him directly as a reward of his labor. He does not wish to shirk his work nor to have anyone else to do it for him, but he wishes to feel that his interests are being considered and safeguarded because he earns the right to such consideration, and because his welfare is fundamental to the welfare of all of us. Successful agriculture lies at the basis of national well-being, and, therefore, it deserves care and recognition on the part of public men.

What the Farmer Wants.

The farmer wishes attention and recognition from the government given from his point of view, and not from the point of view of political expediency or party policy. He wants all the institutions with which he is primarily concerned—schools, colleges, experiment stations, agricultural departments—to be well supported, for he takes pride in these institutions. As yet he has not much interest in cooperation. I think he ought to be far more interested than he is. But our prime duty must be to awaken him to the need of cooperation, and not to try to force it upon him without. In all these matters we must follow his lead, advising him so far as he is willing to receive advice, but always acting as he himself desires us to act in relation to his own interests. Cooperation is very desirable as a means to an end, but as yet in this country there are many localities where all that is necessary is that side of which deals with collective bargaining.

Politics Aid the Farmer.

Many of the questions most affecting the farmer should not be treated as questions of party policy at all. As I have already said, I hold very strongly that we should endeavor to eliminate the tariff from the domain of party politics through the assistance of a continuing governmental commission. Economic problems cannot be solved by partisan political methods. The real issue is not whether the tariff shall be revised upward or downward. The real issue is to make it fit the case, and this can only come by a continuing study and modification by a competent, independent, non-partisan body of experts. In particular, the farmer's needs can only be met in this fashion, and they are as equally disregarded when his foreign competitors are unduly favored against him as is the case under the present tariff, and when as under the Payne-Aldrich tariff, other people in the republic were given an advantage that he was not allowed. In other words, the tariff question can never be satisfactorily and properly adjusted merely as the policy of a party seeking votes and distributing favors.

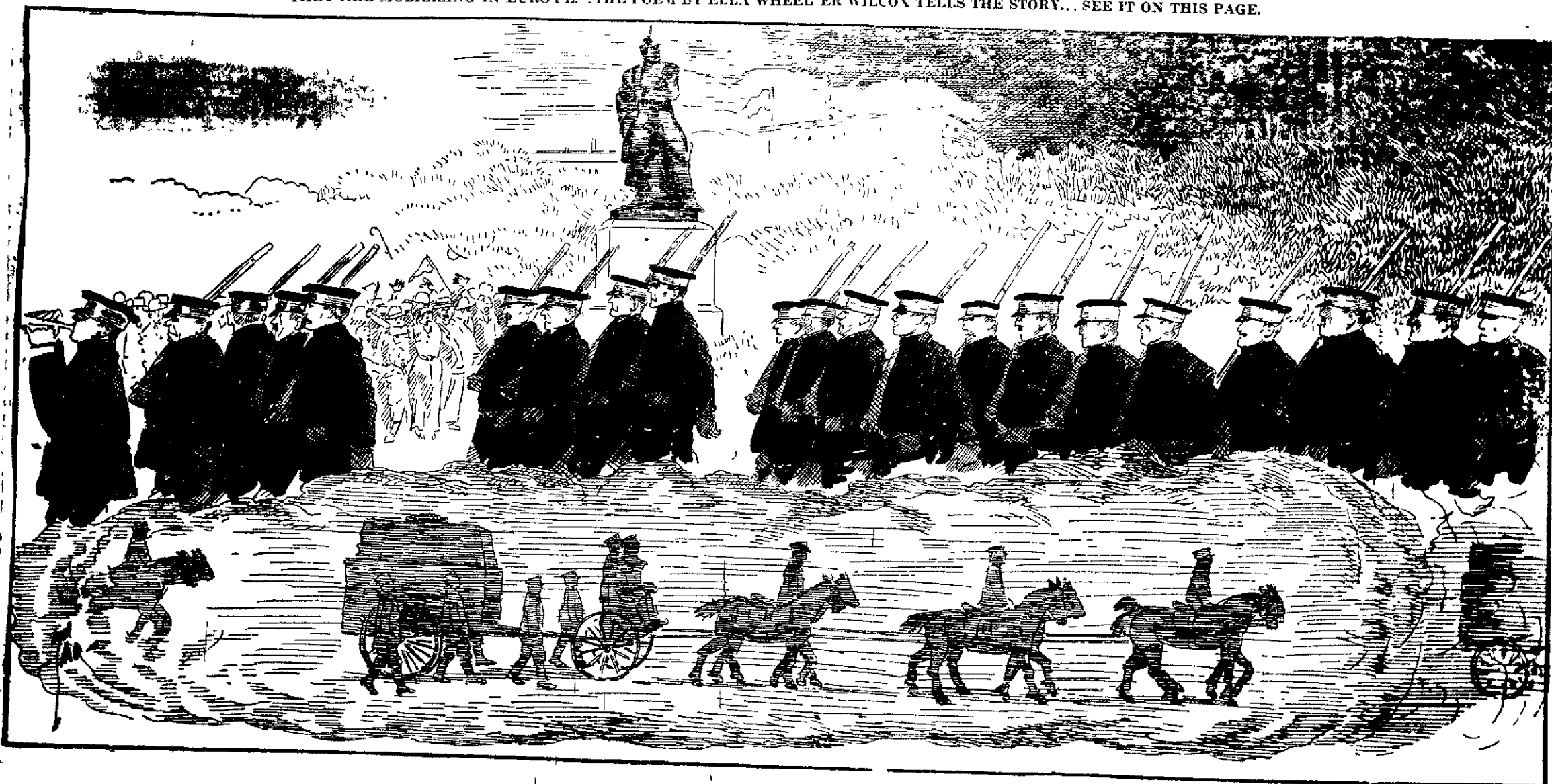
Farmers and the Highways.

What is true of the tariff is true of many of the agricultural questions. The whole highway question should

(Continued on Page Eight)

Mobilizing---Living and Dead

THEY ARE MOBILIZING IN EUROPE. THE POEM BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX TELLS THE STORY... SEE IT ON THIS PAGE.



PERSONAL MENTION

Tuesday, August 18, 1914.

Lysle Row motored to DuBois yesterday.

Mrs. J. F. Berry returned from a visit to friends in Osceola.

Miss Rogers, of Philadelphia, is visiting Mrs. Louis Campbell.

Harry Mahaffey, of Mahaffey, was a Clearfield visitor yesterday.

Mrs. Snyder, of Curwensville, spent the morning shopping in town.

Miss Edna Daugherty is seriously ill at her home on Park avenue.

Miss Carrie Dyer, of Curwensville, was a town shopper this morning.

Miss Elizabeth Irwin, of Curwensville, was a Clearfield shopper today.

A. W. Leonardson left today to attend to business affairs in New York.

Mrs. Bickford, of Curwensville, spent the morning shopping in Clearfield.

Miss Cornelia Morrow, of Pittsburgh, is visiting friends in Clearfield.

Andrew McBlaine will attend the firemen's convention at Patton tomorrow.

Rev. and Mrs. M. C. Flegal, of Lumber City, were in Clearfield this morning.

Misses Helen Fullington and Frances Snook are visiting friends in Bellefonte.

Miss Zula Hughes, of Osceola, spent Saturday with the Misses Brown at the hospital.

Mrs. William Butler, of Philadelphia, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Adams, on Margaretta street.

Mrs. Paul Pantall, of Mahaffey, is spending a week at the home of H. A. Reed, on Market street.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Heller, of Jersey City are visiting with Mrs. Heller's father, James Mahaffey.

Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Reeve left yesterday to spend their vacation with their parents in Hopkinsville, Ohio.

Mrs. Hoffman and her daughter, Fannie, drove to Woodland yesterday and spent the afternoon with friends.

Misses Mary Turner and Esther Beahan are spending their vacation with relatives in Elmira, New York.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Burkett, Mrs. Carrie Smith and David McCullough attended the funeral of Allen Brown Saturday.

Miss Ada Beuter, of Harrisburg, is spending the week with her sister, Mrs. Loraine Eberenz, on West Front street.

Mrs. Long, of Third street, and Miss Sadie Ward have returned from Atlantic City, where they spent the past two weeks.

H. A. Reed and family visited Mrs. Reed's parents, Mr. and Mrs. David H. Fairbank, at McGees Mills, the first of the week.

Mrs. James Blacker, of Nichols street, will leave Wednesday for Patton, to visit her brother during the fireman's convention.

Miss Bess L. Fairbank, an employee of the department of health at Harrisburg, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Harry A. Reed.

John Smith, Mrs. Oscar Mitchell, Miss Evelyn Smith, and Messrs. Clark and Donald Mitchell motored to Punxsutawney Friday.

Miss Eva Gifford, who spent the past week visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gullich, in Pittsburgh, has returned to her home on Market street.

Preston T. Croyle, of Punxsutawney, was in Clearfield Sunday and, accompanied by his mother, left for a visit to New York and other eastern cities.

Miss Vera Adams, of Franklinville, N. Y., and Miss Grace Moore, of Second street, will attend the seventh annual picnic of the Gypsy association of Clearfield tomorrow.

Wright Turner, a former resident of Clearfield, but who for the past three years has been living in Ohio, with his family, has returned to this place and taken up his residence in the East End.

LAWYER PENTZ BOYS

IN AUTO ACCIDENT

Attorney Pentz, of DuBois, brought two precocious boys with him when he drove his automobile from DuBois to Clearfield Monday. Having business in court Mr. Pentz left the boys in charge of the machine. Being lads who liked to see the wheels go round, the Pentz lad started the auto going, and it went to such a purpose that in quick time it had turned turtle, throwing the boys out and ruffling them up in a manner that caused the onlookers to gasp with fear lest the boys be killed.

The youths escaped with slight bruises, however, and the slight damage that was done to the car was soon repaired.

Little News Notes
From Curwensville

Edited by G. F. Kittleberger.

Miss Alice Bigler is spending several days in Houtzdale.

Misses Mary and Fannie Wolf left Monday for Sulphur Springs.

Carl Hamilton has returned from a vacation trip to Cumberland, Maryland.

Mrs. P. E. Smith, of South Curwensville, spent Monday in Clearfield.

Mr. and Mrs. William Ewing, of San Antonio, Texas, are visiting Mr. Ewing's parents, Congressman and Mrs. C. E. Patten.

Albert Kujawa, of Philadelphia, who has spent the last nine months

in Curwensville, has returned to his home for several weeks' visit.

Mrs. Maude Davidson and Mr. Stamp, of Buffalo, are visiting Mrs. William Holden and family, of Walnut street.

J. L. Smith is having the trees in front of his residence on Meadow avenue killed on account to the large growth of the roots.

Dr. and Mrs. Jenkins and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Guelker and daughter left Monday morning in their car for Gettysburg.

Martin Watts and Miss Nellie Watts, of DuBois, were in Curwensville yesterday.

NARROW ESCAPES FROM
ACCIDENTS AT CROSSINGS

Two automobile accidents at grade crossings were narrowly averted last week, while Clearfield residents were going to the funeral of Albert Brown, at Osceola Mills. While John Forsyth and Richard M. Reed were proceeding toward Osceola and were about to approach a railroad crossing at a fairly good rate of speed Mr. Reed suggested that they stop the car to avoid the possibility of being hit by a train. Sure enough, the car was stopped and a train rushed past. Had the car not been stopped it would undoubtedly have been on the crossing when the train appeared and nothing could have saved the motorists from death or serious injury.

On the same day John H. Moore and C. L. Torrence, who were on their way to the same funeral, reached the crossing at Wallacetown where a view of the railroad track is obscured by the cut. The automobile was on the track when the occupants saw the train approaching. Mr. Moore prepared to jump, but as the auto had been taken up the hill at a pretty fast clip in order to surmount the rise Mr. Torrence got the car over in safety, although a few seconds of time lost in crossing would have been fatal to the occupants of the car.

As it was, the train whizzed by just as the auto cleared the track.

These are only two of numerous narrow escapes at grade crossings, and motorists have had warnings enough to cause them to stop, look and listen when they approach such crossings.

IMPORTANT DATES.

First Annual Educational reunion, Burnside, August 21.

Annual picnic of Weaver cousins at McGees Mills, Thursday, Aug. 20.

Smeal family reunion, Bigler camp-meeting grounds, Aug. 19.

Stoneville reunion, Sept. 5.

County S. S. association convention, Osceola Mills, August 25-26.

Public schools will reopen on Tuesday, September 1.

Labor day, September 7.

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The Very Best Flour That
Money Can Buy
BIG LOAFThe County National Bank
OF CLEARFIELD, PA.

The Oldest Bank in Clearfield County

STATED ADDITIONS TO SURPLUS

For thirty-five years, at the declaration of each dividend, an addition to the Surplus has been made and the practice of thus strengthening the bank is still regularly followed. The results of this policy, noted below, are its own best commentary.

Paid in by Stockholders, - - - \$225,000.00
Saved from Earnings, - - - 865,000.00
Present Invested Capital, - - - \$1,090,000.00

Our Facilities for Serving Customers in Every
Department of Banking are Unsurpassed.
We Welcome New Accounts Large or Small.

WANTS TO BE REMEMBERED
TO WAR TIME COMRADES

The following letter has been received at the headquarters of the Washington party committee of Clearfield county. Mr. Watson is a Washington candidate for congress in his district and adjutant of the Northwestern Association Department of Pennsylvania, Grand Army of the Republic.

Greenville, Pa., Aug. 14, 1914.

Dear Sir:

I should very much like to come to Clearfield. As a runaway boy of sixteen from my native county of Indiana, the fortunes of war located me in the drum corps of the 84th Pennsylvania Volunteers. Major Walter Barrett, Colonel Nixon, Capt. Ross and Charles W. Taylor are names of comrades from your county which I recall in the old command. These were brave men. Some of them returned home a bit shattered, but my recollection is that Charles Taylor rests where he wearied, or sleeps where he fell.

If any of them or their people yet live about Clearfield I wish you would greet them sincerely for me and with love and admiration for them, I am,

Yours cordially,
HARRY WATSON.

OUTINGS

Class number 17 of the Trinity M. E. church, taught by John H. Moore, and their families to the number of about 60 held a picnic at Mineral Springs today, going out this morning. At noon a delightful picnic dinner was served. The day was spent in playing tennis, croquet and other games, making it one of the most enjoyable picnics of the season.

STONE RUN BRIDGE
HAS BEEN FINISHED

Contractor Joe Philipps has completed the construction of the concrete girder bridge over Stone run, near Shawsville. This is a county bridge and the county commissioners are well pleased with Contractor Philipps' work.

Off for the Patton Convention.

Delegates from the Clearfield fire department to the Patton convention will go to that town this evening over the New York Central. The firemen will not go until the day of the convention, Thursday.

A. W. LEONARDSON CO.

A. W. LEONARDSON CO.

25 \$5.00 Rain Coats

On Sale
Today for \$2.98

THESE Rain Coats are up-to-minute in style, and the quality all you could expect to find for a five dollar bill. Your choice in tan, gray, navy or black, see window display, at . . . \$2.98

Silks and Dress Goods

Every day now sees new weaves, shades and designs added to a rapidly enlarging collection of the beautiful, distinctive materials that will be a feature of the new autumn fashions.

The New Silks Comprise---

Roman stripes, Tartan plaids, Poplins, Taffetas, Satin Meteors, high luster Satins and Crepe de Chine.

The New Dress Goods

Roman stripe in exclusive patterns, Gabardines, Broadcloths, Tartan stripes and the new novelty effects, especially for separate skirts and suits in the new fall colorings.

The New Velvets

Show many new styles in rich color combinations in stripes and moire effects as well as a full range plain colors including the new fall shades for girdles, collars and trimming, and as velvets are to be much used this season you're sure to be interested in these pretty new comers for fall and winter.

A. W. LEONARDSON COMPANY

BIG LOAF
FLOUR

Is For Sale by the Following Merchants in Clearfield and Vicinity.

G. N. Ellenberger,.....Clearfield
Ross & Woods,.....Clearfield
J. S. Beahan,.....Clearfield
Richard Cook,.....Clearfield
McCloskey Bros.,.....Clearfield
C. E. Shirey,.....Clearfield
Wm. M. Boyce & Son,.....Clearfield
F. S. Gilliland,.....Clearfield
S. B. McLaughlin,.....Clearfield
Fred Norris,.....Clearfield
Sam Barone,.....Clearfield
A. P. Schnarrs,.....Hyde
Bickford Store Co.,.....Curwensville
T. C. Hile,.....Curwensville
Harry Teats,.....Curwensville
W. B. Fox & Son,.....Curwensville
G. M. Clute,.....Curwensville
C. F. Hays,.....Curwensville
T. D. Small & Son,.....Curwensville
W. A. Hipps,.....Curwensville
Rafferty Bros.,.....Grampian
Grampian Supply Co.,.....Grampian
W. E. Derrick,.....Grampian
A. McGrath,.....Grampian
H. P. Wriglesworth,.....Grampian
F. M. Hartzfeld,.....Grampian
J. T. Pickles,.....Woodland
W. D. Walker & Bro.,.....Bigler
Ed. Shaw,.....Shawville
E. E. Murray,.....Shawville
Huskel Kunes,.....Karthaus
E. D. Billott,.....Frenchville
Q. E. Beauneigneur,.....Lecontes Mills
Graham Bros.,.....Lecontes Mills
Chas. S. Voinchet,.....Coudley
C. P. Rowles,.....Oianta
D. B. Hile,.....Lumber City
C. A. Stevens,.....Ansonville
F. B. Johnston,.....Curry Run
S. E. Stahl,.....Mahaffey
Wm. J. Seabrook,.....Westover
Z. T. Phillips,.....Irvena
Butterbaugh & Son,.....Cherry Tree

GEO. H. LUM

DUBOIS, PA.
Manufacturer's Agents for
Pennsylvania.After the Band Concert Wednesday Night
FOLLOW THE 5th REG'T.
BAND TO THE
New Opera House

and see the first installment of the

"TREY O' HEARTS"

It's a Thriller,

Be Sure to See It!

ROSS & WOODS

ROSS & WOODS

We are among the largest distributors of National Biscuit Co. products in Clearfield county.

You can buy National Biscuit Co. crackers, and cakes many places, but to secure fresh goods you should purchase from stores that get supplies weekly. We pride ourselves on the assortments and freshness of the goods.

The advances so far caused by the European war are: flour about 40c a bbl. Big advance in sugar, now 9c lb.

Many times we hear the expression "I've been all over town and could not get this article," we feel like saying: "Call at Clearfield's large general store first and save time and annoyance."

ROSS & WOODS





THE CASE OF JENNIE BRICE

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

Copyright, 1913, by the Bobbs-Merrill Company

PROLOGUE.

Was Jennie Brice murdered?
If she were murdered, who was
guilty of the foul deed?

If she were not done away
with by an assassin, what became
of her?

Where did she disappear?

These and a few other interesting questions are raised at once in this very clever tale of mystery written by a woman who is not only an adept at writing fiction of this character, but the possessor of a style that chains the interest by its clearness and directness and wins by its rich humor.

CHAPTER I.

WE have just had another flood, but enough, but only a foot or two of water on the first floor. Yesterday we got the mud shored out of the cellar and found Peter, the spaniel that Mr. Ladley left when he "went away." The flood, and the fact that it was Mr. Ladley's dog whose body was found half buried in the basement fruit closet, brought back to me the strange events of the other flood five years ago, when the water reached more than half way to the second story, and brought with it, to some, mystery and sudden death, and to me the worst case of "shingles" I have ever seen.

My name is Pitman—in this narrative. It is not really Pitman, but that does well enough. I belong to an old Pittsburgh family. I was born on Penn avenue, when that was the best part of town, and I lived, until I was fifteen, very close to what is now the Pittsburgh club. It was a dwelling then; I have forgotten who lived there at that time.

I was a girl in '77, during the railroad riots, and I recall our driving in the family carriage over to one of the Allegheny hills, and seeing the yards burning, and a great noise of shooting from across the river. It was the next year that I ran away from school to marry Mr. Pitman, and I have not known my family since. We were never reconciled, although I came back to Pittsburgh after twenty years of wandering. Mr. Pitman was dead; the old city called me, and I came.

I had a hundred dollars or so, and I took a house in lower Allegheny, where, because they are partly inundated every spring, the rents are cheap, and I kept boarders. My house was always orderly and clean, and although the neighborhood had a bad name, a good many theatrical people stopped with me. Five minutes across the bridge and they were in the theater district. Allegheny at that time, I believe, was still an independent city. But since then it has allied itself with Pittsburgh; it is now the north side of the city.

I was glad to get back. I worked hard, but I made my rent and my living and a little over. Now and then on summer evenings I went to one of the parks and, sitting on a bench, watched the children playing around and looked at my sister's house, closed for the summer. It is a very large house. Her father once had his wife boarding with me—a very nice little woman.

It is curious to recall that at that time, five years ago, I had never seen my niece, Lida Harvey, and then to think that only the day before yesterday she came in her automobile as far as she dared and then sat there, waving to me, while the police patrol brought across in a skiff a basket of provisions she had sent me.

I wonder what she would have thought had she known that the elderly woman in a calico wrapper, with an old overcoat over it and a pair of rubber boots, was her aunt.

The flood and the sight of Lida both brought back the case of Jennie Brice, for even then Lida and Mr. Howell were interested in each other.

This is April. The flood of 1907 was earlier, in March. It had been a long hard winter, with ice gorges in all the upper valleys. Then in early March there came a thaw. The gorges broke up and began to come down, filling the rivers with crashing, grinding ice.

There are three rivers at Pittsburgh, the Allegheny and the Monongahela uniting there at the point to form the Ohio. And all three were covered with broken ice, logs and all sorts of debris from the upper valleys.

A warning was sent out from the weather bureau, and I got my carpets ready to lift that morning. That was on the third of March, a Sunday. Mr. Ladley and his wife, Jennie Brice, had

the parlor bedroom and the room behind it. Mrs. Ladley, or Miss Brice, as she preferred to be known, had a small part at a local theater that kept a permanent company. Her husband was in that business, too, but he had nothing to do. It was the wife who paid the bills, and a lot of quarreling they did about it.

I knocked at the door at 10 o'clock, and Mr. Ladley opened it. He was a short man, rather stout and getting bald, and he always had a cigarette. Even yet the parlor carpet smells of them.

"What do you want?" he asked sharply, holding the door open about an inch.

"The water's coming up very fast, Mr. Ladley," I said. "It's up to the swinging shelf in the cellar now. I'd like to take up the carpet and move the piano."

"Come back in an hour or so," he snapped and tried to close the door. But I had got my toe in the crack.

"I'll have to have the piano moved, Mr. Ladley," I said. "You'd better put off what you are doing."

I thought he was probably writing. He spent most of the day writing.



"What do you want?" he asked sharply.

using the washstand as a desk, and it kept me busy with oxalic acid taking ink spots out of the splasher and the towels. He was writing a play and talked a lot about the Shuberts having promised to star him in it when it was finished.

"It—!" he said, and, turning, spoke to somebody in the room.

"We can go into the back room," I heard him say, and he closed the door. When he opened it again the room was empty. I called in Terry, the Irishman who does odd jobs for me now and then, and we both got to work at the tacks in the carpet. Terry working by the window and I by the door into the back parlor, which the Ladleys used as a bedroom.

That was how I happened to hear what I afterward told the police.

Some one—a man, but not Mr. Ladley—was talking. Mrs. Ladley broke in: "I won't do it," she said flatly. "Why should I help him? He doesn't help me. He loafs here all day, smoking and sleeping, and sits up all night, drinking and keeping me awake."

The voice went on again, as if in reply to this, and I heard a rattle of glasses, as if they were pouring drinks. They always had whisky, even when they were behind with their board.

"That's all very well," Mrs. Ladley said. I could always hear her, she having a theatrical sort of voice—one that carries. "But what about the prying she devil that runs the house?"

"Hush, for God's sake!" broke in Mr. Ladley, and after that they spoke in whispers. Even with my ear against the panel I could not catch a word.

The men came just then to move the piano, and by the time we had taken it and the furniture upstairs the water was over the kitchen floor and creeping forward into the hall. I had never seen the river come up so fast. By noon the yard was full of floating ice, and at 3 that afternoon the police skiff was on the front streets, and I was wading around in rubber boots, taking the pictures off the walls.

I was too busy to see who the Ladleys' visitor was and he had gone when I remembered him again. The Ladleys took the second story front, which was empty, and Mr. Reynolds, who was in the silk department in a store

across the river, had the room just behind.

I put up a coal stove in a back room next the bathroom and managed to cook the dinner there. I was washing up the dishes when Mr. Reynolds came in. As it was Sunday he was in his slippers and had the colored supplement of a morning paper in his hand.

"What's the matter with the Ladleys?" he asked. "I can't read for their quarreling."

"Booze, probably," I said. "When you've lived in the flood district as long as I have, Mr. Reynolds, you'll know that the rising of the river is a signal for every man in the vicinity to stop work and get full. The fuller the river, the fuller the male population."

"Then this flood will likely make 'em drink themselves to death!" he said. "It's a lulu."

"It's the neighborhood's annual debauch. The women are busy in the cellars, or they'd get full too. I hope, since it's come this far, it will come farther, so the landlord will have to paper the parlor."

That was at 3 o'clock. At 4 Mr. Ladley went down the stairs, and I heard him getting into a skiff in the lower hall. There were boats going back and forth all the time carrying crowds of curious people and taking the flood sufferers to the corner grocery, where they were lowering groceries in a basket on a rope from an upper window.

I had been making tea when I heard Mr. Ladley go out. I fixed a tray with a cup of it and some crackers and took it to their door. I had never liked Mrs. Ladley, but it was chilly in the house with the gas shut off and the lower floor full of ice water. And it is hard enough to keep boarders in the flood district.

She did not answer to my knocks, so I opened the door and went in. She was at the window, looking after him, and the brown valise that figured in the case later was opened on the floor. Over the foot of the bed was the black and white dress with the red collar.

When I spoke to her she turned around quickly. She was a tall woman, about twenty-eight, with very white teeth and yellow hair, which she parted a little to one side and drew down over her ears. She had a sullen face and large well-shaped hands, with her nails long and very pointed.

"The 'she devil' has brought you some tea," I said. "Where shall she put it?"

"She devil!" she repeated, raising her eyebrows. "It's a very thoughtful she devil. Who called you that?"

But with the sight of the valise and the fear that they might be leaving I thought it best not to quarrel. She had set the window and, going to her dressing table, had picked up her nail file.

"Never mind," I said. "I hope you are not going away. These floods don't last, and they're a benefit. Plenty of the people around here rely on 'em every year to wash out their cellars."

"No, I'm not going away," she replied lightly. "I'm taking that dress to Miss Hope at the theater. She is going to wear it in 'Barth's Aunt' next week. She hasn't half enough of a wardrobe to suit her in stock. Look at this tunic, torn, broken to the quick!"

If I had any looked to see which thing it was, but I was putting the tea tray on the washstand and moving Mr. Ladley's valise to find room for it. Peter the spaniel began for a lump of sugar and I gave it to him.

"Where is Mr. Ladley?" I asked.

"Gone out to see the river."

"I hope he'll be careful. There's a drawing of two every year in these floods."

"Then I hope he won't," she said calmly. "Do you know what I was doing when you came in? I was looking after his boat and hoping it had a hole in it."

"You won't feel that way tomorrow, Mrs. Ladley," I protested, shocked. "You're just nervous and put out. Most men have their ugly times. Many a time I wished Mr. Pitman was gone—until he went. Then I'd have given a good bit to have him back again."

She was standing in front of the dresser, fixing her hair over her ears. She turned and looked at me over her shoulder.

"Probably Mr. Pitman was a man," she said. "My husband is a fiend, a devil!"

Well, a good many women have said that to me at different times. But just let me say such a thing to them, or repeat their own words to them the next day, and they would fly at me in a fury. So I said nothing and put the cream into her tea.

I never saw her again.

(To be Continued.)

WANTED: A Bright Young Man

A long established and reputable house—40 years in business—has an opening in this city for a resident representative. His time will be largely his own; the work is pleasant and agreeable; his profit averages more than 33 1/2% on the business done, and previous experience is not essential. This is an ideal opportunity for a young man of good appearance, wide circle of acquaintance and a genuine desire to make good in a profitable field of work. The earliest reply will receive first consideration.

FOSTER GILROY
301 Lafayette Street
New York

SUNDAY SCHOOL PARADE AT OSCEOLA CONVENTION

In connection with the Clearfield County Sunday School convention at Osceola Mills, Aug. 25-26, we will hold our annual Street Demonstration Tuesday evening, Aug. 25. All men, "teen" age pupils, boy scouts, and the band or drum corps in Clearfield county, Philipsburg and vicinity, are cordially invited to be present, and take part in the parade.

We are aiming to have a band at the head of each division and to have each class carry a banner. Will you and your entire Sunday school cooperate in making this the largest and best parade we have ever held?

Trusting that we may safely depend on you to do your part, and with kind regard in plenty, I am, Faithfully yours,

Rev. O. B. Poulson,
Co. Supt. O. A. B. C.

Borough Bonds for Sale.

The undersigned Finance Committee of the borough of Clearfield, Pa., will receive sealed bids until 7:30 P. M. Sept. 1st, 1914, for the purchase of the whole or any part of an issue of Bonds of said borough of the par value of \$38,600, to bear interest at the rate of 4 1/2 per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually, free of all taxes. The Finance Committee reserves the right to object to all bids not believed to be for the best interest of the Borough.

For further particulars call on or address

J. D. CONNELLY,
Secretary of Council.

Clearfield, Pa., Aug. 11, 1914. 2w 1d.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

The public schools of Clearfield will open for the school year 1914-1915 Tuesday, September 1st.

All pupils entering the Clearfield schools for the first time must present a certificate of successful vaccination.

There will be an examination in the High school building, Friday, Aug. 28th, for those who wish to get credit for advance standing and for those who have conditions.

GEO. E. ZERFOSS,
Superintendent.

TRIPLEX GAS SAVER

Guaranteed to Reduce Your Cooking Expenses

Cuts Gas Bills Into Half

Price \$1.50

For Sale by KURTZ & WRIGHT

For demonstration

Call H. & C. Phone, 353 X 2.

IN THE MOVIES

HARD FIGHT FOR 1914 PENNANT—NO SURE WINNER

"In the Days of Old."

Romantic little Willie engages in fistfights over a certain charming little girl. Upon returning home he is severely scolded. Feeling tired and angry he falls asleep.

His dream carries him back to the days "when love was young and knights were bold" and in fancy he is summoned before the king. That royal gentleman covets Willie's beautiful lady, Clara. He orders the knight to bring her to the court. Though suspicious of the king's intentions, Willie obeys the mandate and the parting is sad when Clara leaves her knight to reside in the king's palace.

The ruler's wife, enraged with jealousy at her husband's actions, secures the magic rose whose perfume causes death. Presenting it to Clara,

the beautiful lady falls back as if dead. With much lamentation she is stretched on a bier. Willie, hearing of his sweetheart's death, gallops madly to the castle and is tearfully bidding over her when she opens her eyes and softly tells him she has shammed death to escape from the king. He assists her to rise. They rush madly off only to be held up by the king's guards. Dispensing of them single handed, Willie is carrying Clara back when he awakes with a start to find himself in his mother's arms.

Shown at the Opera house this evening

"Man and His Brother."

The man lost his job because they said he was an ex-convict. But the man explained to the girl. Then a chance came to make good — to capture a bandit. The bandit turned out to be his brother. What could he do?

One of the features at the Opera house this evening.

Oliver Typewriter Ribbons — the best of the market—may be had at the Clearfield Progress office. Any color of ribbon, price 60c. If by mail, remit 65c and ribbons will be forwarded promptly.

SEED WHEAT

Bred Wheat for sale at Stone House Farm. Smooth wheat, re-cleaned and excellent variety. \$1.25 per bushel sacked. James Mitchell, 200 Walnut St., Clearfield, Pa. 2nd-4th

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING PAYS

The Very Best Flour That Money Can Buy
BIG LOAF

WANTED!

An opportunity to convince you that you cannot do better than to entrust your plumbing work to us whether it be repairs or the installation of a new system. Remember when it comes to a question of plumbing, it pays to secure the best. That's the kind of work you get when you entrust your plumbing to us, whether it be merely minor repairs or the installation of a new system.

Both Phones.

A SQUARE DEAL
WILLIAM F. POWELL
23 So. Second St.

NEW OPERA HOUSE

FEATURING THE BIG UNIVERSAL PROGRAM

4 REELS---TO-NIGHT, AUGUST 18th

An Amusing Juvenile Drama "In The Days of Old"

See J. Warren Kerrington in the Two Reel Victor Film "A Man and His Brother"

A Western Drama of Deep Interest "The Gambler"

— This Way To The Opera House

The Talk of the Town

ROBINSON'S BIG SALE

Clearfield - - - - - Curwensville
\$35,000 Worth of the best Merchandise Clearfield ever saw must be sold for what it will bring

Your Dollars will Stretch Like Rubber at This Store

The Greatest Opportunity of the year is now before you.

Come to this sale and save half. Look for name of ROBINSON & COMPANY

Sale going on in both Stores

ROBINSON & COMPANY,
Clearfield and Curwensville

The Trey O' Hearts

A Novelized Version of the Motion Picture Drama of the Same Name
Produced by the Universal Film Co.

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

Author of "The Fortune Hunter," "The Blue Bird," "The Black Bag," etc.

Illustrated with Photographs from the Picture Production

CHAPTER I.

The Message of the Rose.

Lapped deep in the leather-bound luxury of an ample lounge-chair, walled apart from the world by the venerable solitude of the library of London's most exclusive club, Mr. Alan Law sprawled (largely on the nose of his neck) and, squinting discontentedly down his nose, admitted that he was exhaustively bored.

Now the chair filled so gracefully stood by an open window, some twenty feet below which lay a sizable walled garden, an old English garden in full flower. And through the window, now and then, a half-hearted breeze wafted gusts of warm air, suave and enervating with the heavy fragrance of English roses.

Mr. Law drank deep of it, and in spite of his spiritual unrest, sighed slightly and shut his eyes.

An unspoken word troubled the depth of his consciousness, so that old memories stirred and struggled to its surface. The word was "Rose," and for the time seemed to be the name neither of a woman nor of a flower, but oddly of both, as though the two things were one. His mental vision, bridging the gap of a year, conjured up the vision of a little, sweet silhouette in white, with red roses at her belt, posed on a terrace of the Riviera against the burning Mediterranean blue.

Mr. Law was dully conscious that he ought to be sorry about something. But he was really very drowsy indeed; and so, drinking deep of wine-scent of roses, he fell gently asleep.

The clock was striking four when he awoke; and before closing his eyes he had noticed that its hands indicated ten minutes to four. So he could not have slept very long.

For some few seconds Alan did not move, but rested as he was, incredulously regarding a rose which had materialized mysteriously upon the little table at his elbow. He was quite sure it had not been there when he closed his eyes, and almost as sure that it was not real.

And in that instant of awakening the magic fragrance of the rose-garden seemed to be even more strong and cloying sweet than ever.

Then he put out a gingerly hand and discovered that it was real beyond all question. A warm red rose, fresh-plucked, drops of water trembling and sparkling like tiny diamonds on the velvet of its fleshy petals. And when impulsively he took it by the stem, he discovered a most indisputable thorn—which did service for the traditional pinch.

Convinced that he wasn't dreaming, Alan transferred the rose to his sound hand, and meditatively sucked his

a sign from her, so that he had grown accustomed to the unflattering belief that she had forgotten him. And now the sign had come—but what the deuce did the trey of hearts mean?

When morning came, London had lost Alan Law. No man of his acquaintance—nor any woman—had received the first warning of his disappearance. He was simply and sufficiently removed from English ken.

CHAPTER II.

The Sign of the Three.

Out-of-doors, high brazen noon, a day in spring, the clamorous life of New York running as fluent as quicksilver through its brilliant streets.

Within-doors, neither sound nor sub-beam disturbed a perennial quiet that was yet not peace.

The room was like a wide, deep well of night, the haunt of teeming shadows and sinister silences.

Little, indeed, was visible beyond the lonely shape that brooded over it, the figure of an old man motionless in a great, leather-bound chair.

His hair was as white as his heart was black. The rack of his bones, clothed in a thick black dressing-gown with waist-cord of crimson silk, from the thighs down was covered by a black woollen rug. He stared unblinkingly at nothing; a man seven-eighths dead, completely paralyzed but for his head and his left arm.

Presently a faint clicking signal disturbed the stillness. Seneca Trine put forth his left hand and touched one of a row of crimson buttons embedded in the desk. Something else clicked—this time a latch. There was the faintest possible noise of a closing door, and a smallish man stole noiselessly into the light, paused beside the desk and waited respectfully for leave to speak.

"Well?"

"A telegram, sir—from England."

"Give it me!"

The old man seized the sheet of yellow paper, scanned it hungrily, and crushed it in his tremulous claw with a gesture of uncontrollable emotion.

"Send my daughter Judith here!"

Two minutes later a young woman in street dress was admitted to the chamber of shadows.

"You sent for me, father?"

"Sit down."

She found and placed a chair at the desk, and obediently settled herself in it.

"Judith—tell me—what day is this?"

"My birthday. I am twenty-one."

"And your sister's birthday? Rose, too, is twenty-one."

"Yes."

"You could have forgotten that," the old man pursued almost mockingly.

"Do you really dislike your twin-sister so intensely?"

then—it came to pass that we loved one woman, your mother. I won her—all but her heart; too late she realized it was I who loved. He never forgave me for it. Though he married another woman, still he held from me the love of my wife. I could not sleep for hating him—and he was no better off. Each sought the other's ruin; it came to be an open duel between us, in Wall street. One of us had to fall—and I held the stronger hand. The night before the day that was to have seen my triumph, I walked in Central park, as was my habit to tire my body so that my brain might sleep. Crossing the East drive I was struck by a motor-car running at high speed without lights. I was picked up insensible—and lived only to be what I am today. Law triumphed in the street while I lay helpless; only a living remnant of my fortune remained to me. Then his



We Both Loved One Woman.

chauffeur, discharged, came to me and sold me the truth; it was Law's car with Law at the wheel that had struck me down—a deliberate attempt at assassination. I sent Law word that I meant to have a life for a life. For what was I better than dead? I promised him that, should he escape, I would have the life of his son. He knew I meant it, and sent his wife and son abroad. Then he died suddenly, of some common ailment—they said; but I knew better. He died of fear of me.

Trine smiled a cruel smile: "I had made his life a reign of terror. Ever so often I would send Law, one way or another—mysteriously always—a trey of hearts; it was my death-signal for him; as you know, our name Trine, signifies a group of three. And every time he received a trey of hearts, within twenty-four hours an attempt of some sort would be made upon his life. The strain broke down his nerve."

"Then I turned my attention to the son, but the distance was too great the difficulties insuperable. The Law millions mocked all my efforts; then the Rothschilds placed their protection

WASHINGTON PARTY COUNTY COMMITTEE

James Mitchell, member of state committee for Clearfield county.

Standing Committee.

Brisbin borough—John D. Walker. Burnside borough—Robert Burns. Chester Hill borough—Edgar Shontz. Clearfield, 1st ward—Richard Patterson.

Clearfield, 2nd ward—M.O.A. Sahn. Clearfield, 3rd ward—Lewis Shaffer.

Clearfield, 4th ward—Ross A. Lambert. Coalport borough—F. M. Hahn.

Curwensville, 1st ward—John Hudson. Curwensville, 2nd ward—Fred E. McKenzie.

DuBois, 1st ward—A. O. Logan. DuBois, 2nd ward—Chas. Frey.

DuBois, 3rd ward—John A. Carlson. DuBois, 4th ward—Morris Paterson.

DuBois, 5th ward—Geo. Cyphert. Glen Hope borough—Jas Bratton.

Grampian borough—J. S. Fleming. Houtzdale borough—George Ganoe.

Irvona borough—S. K. Ames. Lumber City borough—S. C. Kirk.

Mahaffey borough—E. E. Bennett. Newburg borough—W. W. Herd.

New Washington borough—Wm. Estreicher.

Osceola borough—G. W. Mattern. Ramey borough—B. F. Allgood.

Troutville borough—H. R. Lindsey. Wallaceon borough—R. W. France.

Westover borough—J. B. McKee. Beccaria, Blain City precinct—J. A. Adorn.

Beccaria, Beccaria precinct—Duncan Sommerville.

Beccaria, Irvona precinct—J. H. Beachey.

Beccaria, Utahville precinct—Jas. Cowen.

Bell, Southern precinct—Fred Albert.

Bell, Summit precinct—W. B. Stephenson.

Bigler township—James H. Minis.

Bloom township—Frank Petzer.

Boggs, Stoneville precinct—George Stover.

Boggs, Blue Ball precinct—C. C. Gearhart.

Bradford, Jackson precinct—J. G. Maines.

Bradford, Bigler precinct—T. H. Stevens.

Bradford, Woodland precinct—J. M. Baker.

Brady, Helvetia precinct—Norman McGee.

Brady, Luthersburg precinct—J. H. Edinger.

Brady, Troutville precinct—A. Black.

Burnside township, East Ridge—W. J. Westover.

Burnside township, New Washington—Russell Rorobough.

Burnside township, Patchinville—F. E. Crossman.

Chest township—J. C. Cross.

Covington township—Celest Veriot.

Cooper, Kylertown precinct—H. G. Jones.

Cooper, Peale precinct—Cooper, Cooper precinct—Andrew Brown.

Cooper, Winburne precinct—Chas. Johnson.

Decatur, Centre precinct—Robert Patterson.

Decatur, Graham precinct—John Fenlon.

Decatur, Gearhartville precinct—Obadiah Long.

Decatur, Kephart precinct—William Krouse.

Ferguson township—E. E. Owens.

Girard township—William Kirkwood.

Goshen township—Warren Lingle.

Graham, Centre Hill precinct—Thos. Beveridge.

Graham, Graham precinct—J. G. Maines.

Greenwood township—David Patterson.

Gulich, Ginter precinct—Ed. Pettersen.

Gulich, Janesville precinct—John Harrington.

Huston, Huston precinct—Brady Overtorf.

Huston, Tyler precinct—Joe Morehouse.

Jordan township—Chas. Sawyer.

Karhaus, Cataract precinct—Karhaus, Karhaus precinct—J. W. Reese.

Knox, Boardman precinct—Thos. French.

Knox, Carnwath precinct—John M. Fleck.

Knox, New Millport precinct—David Yocum.

Lawrence, Clearfield precinct—Thos. Hemphill.

Lawrence, Glen Richey precinct—Jas. Norman.

Lawrence, Hilldale precinct—C. G. Morris.

Lawrence, Ashcroft precinct—W. E. Johnson.

Lawrence, Allport precinct—William Denshar.

Lawrence, Morrisdale precinct—John Ball.

Lawrence, Munsons precinct—B. W. Williams.

Lawrence, Penn township—James D. Wall.

Lawrence, Pike, Curwensville precinct—Chas. Bailey.

Lawrence, Pike, Olanta precinct—C. P. Bowles.

Lawrence, Sandy, Falls Creek precinct—J. C. Weaver.

Lawrence, Sandy, Sabula precinct—Alan Bundy.

Lawrence, Sandy, Clear Run precinct—Sandy, Sandy precinct—F. M. Timlin.

Lawrence, Sandy, Oklahoma precinct—D. P. Christian.

Lawrence, Union township—Samuel Beers.

Lawrence, Woodward, Sanborn precinct—D. J. Kline.

Lawrence, Woodward, Sterling precinct—Samuel Rainesley.

Lawrence, Woodward, N. Houtzdale precinct—William Bloom.

Lawrence, Woodward, W. Houtzdale precinct—Joseph Partridge.

Oliver Typewriter Ribbons—the best on the market—may be had at the Clearfield Progress office. Any color of ribbon, price 50c. If by mail, remit 60c and ribbons will be forwarded promptly.

WORK WANTED—of any kind by clean-cut, energetic young man. Best of references. Call 304 on H. & C. Phone.

HAVE DARK HAIR AND LOOK YOUNG

Nobody can Tell when you Darken Gray, Faded Hair with Sage Tea.

Grandmother kept her hair beautifully darkened, glossy and abundant with a brew of Sage Tea and Sulphur.

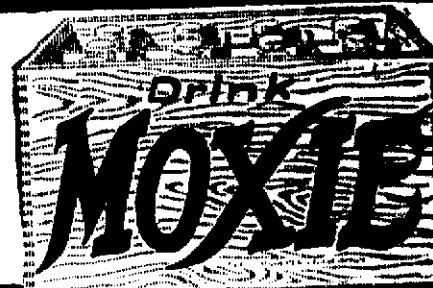
Whenever her hair fell out or took on that dull, faded or streaked appearance, this simple mixture was applied with wonderful effect.

By asking at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy," you will get a large bottle of this old-time receipt, ready to use, for about 50 cents.

This simple mixture can be depended upon to restore natural color and beauty to the hair and is splendid for dandruff, dry itchy scalp and falling hair.

Known downtown druggists

ORDER
A
CASE
TODAY



SAFETY FIRST

FOR DEPOSITORS OF

Clearfield National Bank

Total Assets \$1,500,000.00

The Trey O' Hearts

A Novelized Version of the Motion Picture Drama of the Same Name
Produced by the Universal Film Co.

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

Author of "The Fortune Hunter," "The E. and L.," "The Black Bag," etc.

Illustrated with Photographs from the Picture Production

Copyright, 1914, by Louis Joseph Vance

CHAPTER I.

The Message of the Rose.

Lapped deer in the leather-bound luxury of an ample lounge-chair, walled apart from the world by the venerable solitude of the library of London's most exclusive club, Mr. Alan Law sprawled (largely on the nose of his neck) and, squinting discontentedly down his nose, admitted that he was exhaustively bored.

Now the chair filled so gracefully stood by an open window, some twenty feet below which lay a sizable walled garden, an old English garden in full flower. And through the window, now and then, a half-hearted breeze wafted gusts of warm air, suave and enervating with the heavy fragrance of English roses.

Mr. Law drank deep of it, and in spite of his spiritual unrest, sighed slightly and shut his eyes.

An unspoken word troubled the depth of his consciousness, so that old memories stirred and struggled to its surface. The word was "Rose," and for the time seemed to be the name neither of a woman nor of a flower, but oddly of both, as though the two things were one. His mental vision, bridging the gap of a year, conjured up the vision of a lithe, sweet silhouette in white, with red roses at her belt, posed on a terrace of the Riviera against the burning Mediterranean blue.

Mr. Law was dully conscious that he ought to be sorry about something. But he was really very drowsy indeed; and so, drinking deep of wine-scented roses, he fell gently asleep.

The clock was striking four when he awoke; and before closing his eyes he had noticed that its hands indicated ten minutes to four. So he could not have slept very long.

For some few seconds Alan did not move, but rested as he was, incredulously regarding a rose which had materialized mysteriously upon the little table at his elbow. He was quite sure it had not been there when he closed his eyes, and almost as sure that it was not real.

And in that instant of awakening the magic fragrance of the rose-garden seemed to be even more strong and cloying sweet than ever.

Then he put out a gingerly hand and discovered that it was real beyond all question. A warm red rose, fresh-plucked, drops of water trembling and sparkling like tiny diamonds on the velvet of its fleshy petals. And when impulsively he took it by the stem, he discovered a most indisputable thorn—which did service for the traditional pluck.

Convinced that he wasn't dreaming, Alan transferred the rose to his sound hand, and meditatively sucked his



With Red Roses at Her Belt.

thumb. Then he jumped up from the chair and glared suspiciously round the room. It was true that a practical joke in that solemn atmosphere were a thing unthinkable; still, there was the rose.

There was no one but himself in the library.

Perplexed to exasperation, Alan fled the club, only pausing on the way out to annex the envelope he found addressed to him in the letter-rack.

It was a blank white envelope of good quality, the address typewritten, the stamp English, and bore a London postmark half illegible.

Alan tore the envelope open in absent-minded fashion—and started as it stung. The enclosure was a simple playing card—a trey of hearts!

As for Alan Law, he wandered homeward in a state of stupefaction. He could read quite well the message of the rose. He would not soon forget that year-old parting with his Rose of the Riviera: "You say you love me but may not marry me—and we must part. Then promise this, that if ever you change your mind, you'll send for me." And her promise: "I will send you a rose."

But the year had lapsed with never

a sign from her, so that he had grown accustomed to the unfattering belief that she had forgotten him.

And now the sign had come—but what the deuce did the trey of hearts mean?

When morning came, London had lost Alan Law. No man of his acquaintance—nor any woman—had received the least warning of his disappearance. He was simply and sufficiently removed from English ken.

CHAPTER II.

The Sign of the Three.

Out-of-doors, high brzen noon, a day in spring, the clamorous life of New York running as fluent as quicksilver through its brilliant streets.

Within-doors, neither sound nor sunbeam disturbed a perennial quiet that was yet not peace.

The room was like a wide, deep well of night, the haunt of teasing shadows and sinister silences.

Little, indeed, was visible beyond the lonely shape that brooded over it, the figure of an old man motionless in a great, leather-bound chair.

His hair was as white as his heart was black. The rack of his bones, clothed in a thick black dressing-gown with waist-cord of crimson silk, from the thighs down was covered by a black woollen rug. He stared unblinkingly at nothing; a man seven-eighths dead, completely paralyzed but for his head and his left arm.

Presently a faint clicking signal disturbed the stillness. Seneca Trine put forth his left hand and touched one of a row of crimson buttons embedded in the desk. Something else clicked—this time a latch. There was the faintest possible noise of a closing door, and a smallish man stole noiselessly into the light, paused beside the desk and waited respectfully for leave to speak.

"Well?"

"A telegram, sir—from England."

"Give it me!"

The old man seized the sheet of yellow paper, scanned it hungrily, and crushed it in his tremulous claw with a gesture of uncontrollable emotion.

"Send my daughter Judith here!"

Two minutes later a young woman in street dress was admitted to the chamber of shadows.

"You sent for me, father?"

"Sit down."

She found and placed a chair at the desk, and obediently settled herself in it.

"Judith—tell me—what day is this?"

"My birthday. I am twenty-one."

"And your sister's birthday: Rose, too, is twenty-one."

"Yes."

"You could have forgotten that," the old man pursued almost mockingly. "Do you really dislike your twin-sister so intensely?"

The girl's voice trembled. "You know," she said, "we have nothing in common—beyond parentage and this abominable resemblance. Our natures differ as light from darkness."

"And which would you say was—light?"

"Hardly my own: I'm no hypocrite. Rose is everything that they tell me my mother was, while I—the girl smiled strangely—"I think—I am more your daughter than my mother's."

A nod of the white head confirmed the suggestion. "It is true. I have watched you closely, Judith, perhaps more closely than even you knew. Before I was brought to this—the wasted hand made a significant gesture—"I was a man of strong passions. Your mother never loved, but rather feared me. And Rose is the mirror of her mother's nature, gentle, unselfish, sympathetic. But you, Judith, you are like a second self to me."

An accent of profound satisfaction informed his voice. The girl waited in a silence that was tensely expectant.

"Then, if on this your birthday I were to ask a service of you that might injuriously affect the happiness of your sister—?"

The girl laughed briefly: "Only ask it!"

"And how far would you go to do my will?"

"Where would you stop in the service of one you loved?"

Seneca Trine nodded gravely. And after a brief pause, "Rose is in love," he announced.

"Oh, I know—I know!" the father affirmed with a faint ring of satisfaction. "I am old, a cripple, prisoner of this living tomb; but all things I should know—somehow—I come to know in course of time!"

"It's true—that Englishman she scraped an acquaintance with on the Riviera last year—what's his name?"

Law, Alan Law."

"In the main," the father corrected mildly, "you are right. Only, he's not English. His father was Wellington Law, of Law & Son."

She knew better than to interrupt, but her seeming patience was belied by the whitening knuckles of a hand that lay within the little pool of blood-red light.

And presently the deep voice rolled on: "Law and I were once friends;

then—it came to pass that we loved one woman, your mother. I won her—all but her heart: too late she realized it was Law she loved. He never forgave me for it. Though he married another woman, still he held from me the love of my wife. I could not sleep for eating him—and he was no better off. Each sought the other's ruin; it came to be an open duel between us, in Wall street. One of us had to fall—and I held the stronger hand. The night before the day that was to have seen my triumph, I walked in Central park, as was my habit to tire my body so that my brain might sleep. Crossing the East drive I was struck by a motor-car running at high speed without lights. I was picked up insensible—and lived only to be what I am today. Law triumphed in the street while I lay helpless; only a living remnant of my fortune remained to me. Then his



We Both Loved One Woman.

chauffeur, discharged, came to me and sold me the truth: it was Law's car with Law at the wheel that had struck me down—a deliberate attempt at assassination. I sent Law word that I meant to have a life for a life. For what was I better than dead? I promised him that, should he escape, I would have the life of his son. He knew I meant it, and sent his wife and son abroad. Then he died suddenly, of some common ailment—they said; but I knew better. He died of fear of me."

Trine smiled a cruel smile: "I had made his life a reign of terror. Ever so often I would send Law, one way or another—mysteriously always—a trey of hearts; it was my death-sign for him; as you know, our name Trine, signifies a group of three. And every time he received a trey of hearts, within twenty-four hours an attempt of some sort would be made upon his life. The strain broke down his nerve."

"Then I turned my attention to the son, but the distance was too great the difficulties insuperable. The Law millions mocked all my efforts; their alliance with the Rothschilds placed mother and son under the protection of every secret police in Europe. But they dared not come home. At length I realized I could win only by playing a waiting game. I needed three things: more money; to bring Alan Law back to America; and one agent I could trust, one incorruptible agent I could use to persecute mother and son, lulled them into a sense of false security, and by careful speculations repaired my fortunes. In Rose I had the lure to draw the boy back to America; in you, the one person I could trust."

"I sent Rose abroad and arranged that she should meet Law. They fell in love at sight. Then I wrote informing her that the man she had chosen was the son of him who had murdered all of me but my brain. It fell out as I foresaw. You can imagine the scene of passionate renunciation—pledges of undying constancy—the arrangement of a secret code whereby, when she needed him, she would send him a single rose—the birth of a great romance!"

The old man laughed sardonically. "Well, there is the history. Now the rose has been sent; Law is already homeward bound; my agents are watching his every step. The rest is in your hands."

The girl bent forward, breathing heavily, eyes aflame in a face that had assumed a waxen pallor.

"What is it you want of me?"

"Bring Alan Law to me. Dead or alive, bring him to me. But alive, if you can compass it: I wish to see him die. Then I, too, may die content."

The hand of hot-blooded youth stole forth and grasped the icy hand of death-in-life.

"I will bring him," Judith swore—"Dead or alive, you shall have him here."

(To be Continued.)

Mother's Bread

'NUF CED

CITY BAKERY

NO. 12 THIRD ST.

Clearfield,

Penn'a.

WASHINGTON PARTY COUNTY COMMITTEE

James Mitchell, member of state committee for Clearfield county.

Standing Committee.

Brislin borough—John D. Walker.

Burnside borough—Robert Burns.

Chester Hill borough—Edgar Shontz.

Clearfield, 1st ward—Richard Patterson.

Clearfield, 2nd ward—M.O.A. Sahn.

Clearfield, 3rd ward—Lewis Shaffer.

Clearfield, 4th ward—Ross A. Lambert.

Coalport borough—F. M. Hahn.

Curwensville, 1st ward—John Hudson.

Curwensville, 2nd ward—Fred E. McKenzie.

DuBois, 1st ward—A. O. Logan.

DuBois, 2nd ward—Chas. Frey.

DuBois, 3rd ward—John A. Carlson.

DuBois, 4th ward—Morris Patterson.

DuBois, 5th ward—Geo. Cyphert.

Glen Hope borough—Jas. Bratton.

Grampian borough—J. S. Fleming.

Houtzdale borough—George Gano.

Irvona borough—S. K. Ames.

Lumber City borough—S. C. Kirk.

Mahaffey borough—E. E. Bennett.

Newburg borough—W. W. Herd.

New Washington borough—Wm. Estricker.

Osceola borough—G. W. Mattern.

Ramey borough—B. P. Allgood.

Troutville borough—H. R. Lindsey.

Wallacetown borough—R. W. France.

Westover borough—J. B. McKee.

Beccaria, Blain City precinct—J. A. Adorn.

Beccaria, Beccaria precinct—Duncan Sommerville.

Beccaria, Irvona precinct—J. H. Beachey.

Beccaria, Utahville precinct—Jas. Cowen.

Bell, Southern precinct—Fred Albert.

Bell, Summit precinct—W. B. Stephenson.

Bigler township—James H. Minds.

Bloom township—Frank Fetzer.

Boggs, Stoneville precinct—George Stover.

Boggs, Blue Ball precinct—C. C. Gearhart.

Bradford, Jackson precinct—J. G. Maines.

Bradford, Bigler precinct—T. H. Stevens.

Bradford, Woodland precinct—J. M. Baker.

Brady, Helvetia precinct—Norman McGee.

Brady, Luthersburg precinct—J. H. Edinger.

Brady, Troutville precinct—A. Black.

Burnside township, East Ridge—W. J. Westover.

Burnside township, New Washington—Russell Rorobough.

Burnside township, Patchinville—F. E. Crossman.

Chest township—J. C. Cross.

Covington township—Celest Veriot.

Cooper, Kylertown precinct—H. G. Jones.

Cooper, Peale precinct—Brown.

Cooper, Cooper precinct—Andrew Brown.

Cooper, Winburne precinct—Chas. Johnson.

Decatur, Centre precinct—Robert Patterson.

Decatur, Graham precinct—John Fen-ton.

Decatur, Gearhartville precinct—Obadiah Long.

Decatur, Kephart precinct—William Krouse.

Ferguson township—E. E. Owens.

Givard township—William Kirkwood.

Goshen township—Warren Lingle.

Graham, Centre Hill precinct—Thos. Beveridge.

Graham, Graham precinct—J. G. Maines.

Greenwood township—David Patterson.

Gulich, Ginter precinct—Ed. Pette-son.

Gulich, Janesville precinct—John Harrington.

Huston, Huston precinct—Brady Overdorf.

Huston, Tyler precinct—Joe More-house.

Jordan township—Chas. Sawyer.

Karthaus, Cataract precinct—Karthaus, Karthaus precinct—J. W. Reese.

Knox, Boardman precinct—Thos. French.

Knox, Carnwath precinct—John M. Fleck.

Knox, New Millport precinct—David Yocum.

Lawrence, Clearfield precinct—Thos. Hemphill.

Lawrence, Glen Richey precinct—Jas. Norman.

Lawrence, Hilledale precinct—G. G. Morris.

Morris, Ashcroft precinct—W. E. Johnson.

Morris, Allport precinct—William Denahar.

Morris, Morrisdale precinct—John Ball.

Morris, Munsons precinct—R. W. Williams.

Penn township—James D. Wall.

Pike, Curwensville precinct—Chas. Bailey.

Pike, Olanta precinct—C. F. Bowler.

Sandy, Falls Creek precinct—J. G. Weaver.

Sandy, Sabula precinct—Alex. Bandy.

Sandy, Clear Run precinct—Sandy, Sandy precinct—F. M. Timlin.

Sandy, Oklahoma precinct—D. P. Christian.

Union township—Samuel Beers.

Woodward, Sanborn precinct—D. J. Kline.

Woodward, Sterling precinct—Samuel Rainesley.

Woodward, N. Houtzdale precinct—William Bloom.

Woodward, W. Houtzdale precinct—Joseph R. Partridge.

Oliver T. Ribbons. Oliver Type Ribbons—the best on the market—may be had at the Clearfield Progress office. Any color of ribbon, price 60c. If by mail, remit 65c and ribbons will be forwarded promptly.

WORK WANTED—of any kind by clean-cut, energetic young man. Best of references. Call 304 on H. & C. Phone.

HAVE DARK HAIR AND LOOK YOUNG

Nobody can Tell when you Darken Gray, Faded Hair with Sage Tea.

Grandmother kept her hair beautifully darkened, glossy and abundant with a brew of Sage Tea and Sulphur. Whenever her hair fell out or took on that dull, faded or streaked appearance, this simple mixture was applied with wonderful effect. By asking at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy," you will get a large bottle of this old-time receipt, ready to use, for about 50 cents. This simple mixture can be depended upon to restore natural color and beauty to the hair and is splendid for dandruff, dry scalp and falling hair.

A well-known downtown druggist says everybody uses Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur, because it darkens so naturally and evenly that nobody can tell it has been applied—It's so easy to use, too. You simply dampen a sponge or soft brush and draw it through your hair, taking one strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, it is restored to its natural color and looks glossy, soft and abundant.

Notice in Divorce.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Clearfield Co.

MARTHA E. HALL No. 114 Septem-

vs. ber term, 1913.

GEORGE W. HALL, Divorce.

Notice.

The undersigned commissioner appointed by the said court to take the testimony in the above stated case and report the same to the said court with proper decree, hereby gives notice that he will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in Clearfield on the 18th day of August, A. D. 1914, at ten o'clock A. M. of said day, at which time and place all parties interested can attend.

W. A. HAGERTY, Commissioner.

TAXI?

CALL

Wallace Garage

PRICES RIGHT

H. & C. Phone Third Street

The Very Best Flour That Money Can Buy BIG LOAF

ORDER A CASE TODAY

DRINK MOXIE

SAFETY FIRST FOR DEPOSITORS OF Clearfield National Bank

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H. S. Whiteman, Jr., V-Pres. and Cashier.

W. L. McJunkin, Assistant Cashier.

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Singleton Beil W. I. Betts John Dimeling

W. P. Hopkins H. A. Kennedy

A. E. Leitzinger James Mitchell T. H. Murray

W. H. Patterson H. S. Whiteman, Jr.

"THE BANK OF SERVICE"

Seven Days in the Week.

COL. ROOSEVETT TO MAIN FARMERS

(Continued from Page Four)

be taken up from this point of view. Instead of merely connecting towns and providing automobile routes, necessary though this also is, there should be a study of the whole state made for the purpose of making it accessible, and not only for the purpose of developing the resources of the land for the farmer himself, but also developing the resources offered by the forests, the streams and even the scenery. The present back road system is largely economic. Many old roads should be discontinued and new ones laid out on better grades and so placed as to make the farming lands more utilizable. The backroads should not be paved roads, but well laid out, well made, well kept earth roads to serve the people on the land. This is of the first importance to internal development, and it is a state far more than a county problem.

The Marketing Question.

In the same way, the marketing question, which is important to every person in the state, should be studied as a whole by a continuing body of experts, which should be to this field what the public service commissions are to their fields. We are surely coming to the regulation of marketing agencies by non-political commissions or other bodies that understand the question, and that have power derived from the people.

From all of this it will be seen that I believe that the general attitude of our party toward the farmer is more important than specific promises. We must, in good faith, so act that the farmer shall have confidence that his needs and problems are to receive serious study and attention and are to be worked out as they arise on the merits of the case and not as a means of political advantages. And they must be worked out under his lead, the rest of us co-operating with him to meet his need.

Appeal to Conscience.

We appeal to the conscience and common sense of the people. Ours is the party where words are made good by deeds. We represent the party of sane radicalism, the one party which fearlessly attacks evils and yet behaves with such judgment as not to damage the body politic while cutting out the evils from the body politic. Every wise business man, every hard-headed, right-thinking, farmer, every laboring man, and every wage-worker who thinks intelligently about the future should join with us. Our appeal is to the patriotic men whose hearts and heads are both sound.

Stand for Prosperity

We stand for prosperity, and yet we stand for a proper division of prosperity, for passing prosperity around. Of the two old machines one by its actions would destroy all prosperity, and the other, if prosperity were obtained, would divert it with enormous id-

proportion to a few. We stand for healthy and successful industry, for profitable industry, for efficient work in every direction, and yet we stand for the democratization of industry just as we stand for the democratization of politics. We demand not only absolute honesty in the business and political world alike, but also that the activities of each be made subservient to the common good of all our people.

Caught at Altoona

B. F. McCann, a traveler, was arrested in Altoona Monday night and brought to the county jail on the charge of defrauding a hotel keeper in Clearfield of a hotel bill.

Accused of Taking Chickens

Harry Stover, of Madera, is in the county jail on the charge of stealing chickens, and will have a chance to tell all about it at the September session of criminal court.

FOR SALE—Densmore Typewriter No. 2, in good condition; very cheap. Phone No. 170x2. Call or write No. 207 Reed St., Clearfield. 1t

THE most brilliant writers in America—the artists whose cartoons and "comics" make the nation laugh—are working exclusively for

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For 40 years this paper has retained its position as the best all-around humorous periodical in the country. It is better now than at any time in its career.

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WAR WILL LAST BUT 18 MONTHS, SAYS LORD KITCHENER

Lord Kitchener, the Newly Appointed War Minister of England

London, Aug. 18.—Eighteen months, in Lord Kitchener's opinion, will be the duration of the European conflict now in progress. He bases this opinion on the fact that each day of delay on the part of the Germans in pushing forward into France gives the Russian army of many millions that much more time to mobilize. When the Russian troops cross the German border, Lord Kitchener says, the war will be brought to an end quickly.

A. O. H. CONVENTION IS IN SESSION IN DUBOIS

Headed by James B. Sheehan, state president of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and Miss Catherine M. Grace, state president of the ladies' auxiliary to the A. O. H., 165 delegates, 110 men and sixty-five women left Broad Street station, Philadelphia this morning on special train for Dubois, where the state conventions of both organizations will be held, opening today and closing Friday night.

Delegates from Montgomery and Delaware counties left on their same train, and stops were made at Frazier, Coatsville, Harrisburg, Sunbury, Williamsport, Lock Haven and other points.

There will be 550 delegates in the A. O. H. convention, and 450 in that of the ladies' auxiliary.

State President Sheehan having served four years, will retire from the presidency. He and many other members of the Philadelphia delegation and delegates from other counties, are urging John O'Dea, national historian of the order and the county recording secretary of Philadelphia, for the state secretaryship.

Mrs. Mary A. Gallagher, Philadelphia county, president of the Ladies' Auxiliary, 2717 North Nineteenth st., is a candidate for state president to succeed Miss Grace of Frankford, who has served two terms and declines to be a candidate.

Clearfield will be represented by delegates from the local branch of the order, and other sections of the county will have members of the order present.

Removed the Scaffolding

The scaffolding which has stood in front of Leitzinger Brothers store for several months while workmen were building the addition to that structure was removed yesterday. The new store front presents a handsome appearance.

PRESIDENT OF C. C. L. A.

At the annual meeting of the Clearfield County Law association Monday Judge Bell was elected president and A. M. Liveright secretary and treasurer. W. C. Pentz, Allison O. Smith and A. H. Woodward were appointed a committee to draft a constitution and bylaws for the government of the association.

This association is one of the best conducted organizations of its kind in the state.

FOUND—Money, Richard Kennard Jr., Second street. 7 21 tf.

WHAT CAN BE DONE ON CLEARFIELD COUNTY FARM

James Mitchell, banker and farmer, is proud of the crops he raises on the Stone House farm. He has already threshed 400 bushels of wheat and expects to get 500 bushels more from that which has not yet been threshed. Pretty good for a Clearfield county farm, that, and still there are people who allow themselves to be lured away from the best soil in the state.

**The Very Best Flour That Money Can Buy
BIG LOAF**

When You Want Wall Paper

You do not go to a blacksmith shop, neither do you go to a wall paper store to have your horse shod. When you want the best of any thing at the lowest prices, you go to a store that makes a specialty of the lines it handles.

Ours Is a Hardware Store. We Specialize On Builders Hardware

We carry most everything in the line needed for a new building from foundation to roof. If you are thinking of building or repairing you will do well to see our stock and get our prices. A telephone call will bring a man to your door to go over the matter with you.

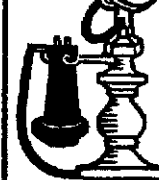
Telephone Orders Receive Attention

Clearfield Hardware Company

Market Street

Clearfield, Pa.

CLASSIFIED WANTS



Rate—One cent per word each insertion. Minimum charge Ten Cents. Positions Wanted Free. No charge will be made to persons desiring positions. Phone Your Want-Ads.

Persons wishing to hire autos for any occasion can call Lawrence C. Barrett, Dimeling hotel or residence 434 Spruce street. H. & C. Phone. Prices reasonable. 7 27 tf.

FOR SALE—A good driving horse, age eleven years. Wm. Wisor, Clearfield, R. 5. 8 13 3t.

WANTED—Man and wife, man for general housework, and wife must be good cook. Good wages and house furnished. X. Y. Z. care Progress. 8 15 tf.

FOR SALE—Oliver typewriter, model 5, first class condition. Will sell very cheap. Address "E", care Progress. 8 11 tf.

NEW SHOE SHOP—has been opened on 4th street, next to Torrence Marble shops. Good work.

WANTED—A few bright girls to learn velvet weaving. Clearfield Textile Co. 8 14 1w.

Band concert at the Driving park Sunday afternoon, beginning at 4 P. M. Admission 10 cents.

WANTED—Girl for general housework. Wages \$5.00. No washing. H. & C. Telephone 211-X.

Progress ads bring results

HUSTLING Man or woman under 50. Fraternal insurance. Protected territory. Big money. Write quick. I-L-U 2470, Covington, Ky. 8 10, 13

CHILD NURSE—At liberty for engagement in private family—call M. & C. phone 368X. 7 21 t

LOST—A little girl's Hudson bicycle. If found, return to D. W. Anderson and there will be a reward given. 8-17-2t

WANTED—Girl with business ability, who can play piano. Good position for right part. Address K, care of Progress.

FOR SALE—Pony, gentle; good condition. Price reasonable. Call at residence of Judge Singleton Bell.

WANTED—Dining room girl at the Witmer Inn. 8 8 1w.

FOR SALE—One Welchans elevator, capacity one ton. Lauderdale & Barber. 8 10 10t.

FOR SALE—Full blooded Scotch collie dog. O. B. Porter, Clearfield.

FOR RENT—Two lodge rooms corner Market and Second streets. Now occupied by the L. O. O. M. Possession about 1st Sept. 8 12 3w. S. I. SNYDER.

Wingold
PATENT FLOUR

Finest in the World
Makes More and Better Bread than other Flour

F. A. WALKER, DISTRIBUTOR
CLEARFIELD, PA.

**NATURAL MEAL
BREAD**

Has that
RICH, NUTTY FLAVOR.

More Appetizing, More Wholesome
More Nutritious

Made by
P. R. SPACKMAN
BAKER

West Side, Clearfield, Pa.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

Building Two Fire Company Houses

Sealed Proposals will be received by the Town Council of Clearfield Borough, until 8:00 o'clock, P. M. Wednesday, August 19th, 1914, for the erection of **A Fire Company House On Daisy Street, Fourth Ward, and A Fire Company House On Witmer Street, Second Ward.**

Plans, form of Specifications, Proposal Sheets, etc., can be seen and obtained at the Office of the Borough Engineer, Kratzer Building.

Proposals must be accompanied by a certified check for \$50.00 as a guarantee of good faith. Checks will be returned upon the award of a contract, or the rejection of a proposal.

Bidder to whom award of contract is made will be required to execute a corporate bond for the satisfactory completion of the work, in a sum equal to the amount of the bid.

The Council Reserves The Right To Reject Any Or All Bids.

By order of the Council,
Frederick B. Kerr,
President.

Attest:—
J. D. Connelly, Secretary.

Dated August 6th, 1914.